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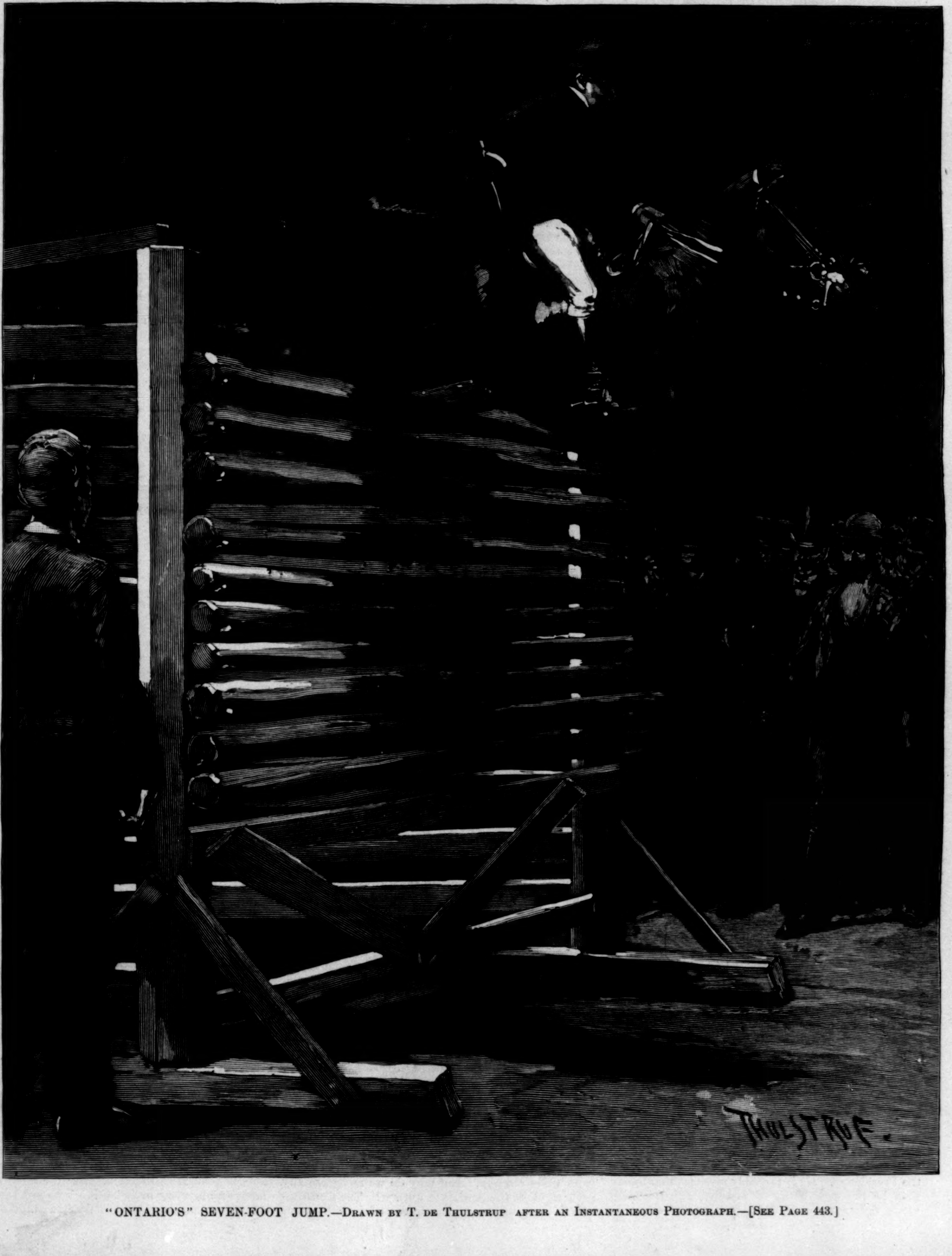

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PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

SPECULATING upon the chances of the Presidential nomination in 1892, a Western journal thinks that the Democratic division in New York will probably lead to the nomination of a candidate from some other State than New York, and mentions MR. GRAY, of Indiana. It would not be difficult to mention in every State some person whose nomination would be agreeable to his friends, and it is often true of the Presidential nomination that the unforeseen happens. But it is by no means a rule. The renomination of Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 and that of General GRANT in 1872 were foregone conclusions; this was true in great part of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE in 1884. There are two reasons why the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND by the Democrats in 1892 is equally probable. The campaign of 1888 and the course of Congress at the present session have identified the Republican party with the policy of high, and in some cases prohibitive, protection. Whether the MCKINLEY tariff be approved by the Senate and the President or not, and whether any Congressional action upon the subject be taken or not, the chief question of the next election will be apparently that of the last. By universal consent, the especial representative of the Democratic position upon the subject is Mr. CLEVELAND.

But not only by his course in making the tariff the party issue of the campaign did he identify it with a national policy, and prevent the election of '88 from turning on the mere personal question of approval of his administration, but he did very much more than any Democrat in the country had been able to do in dispelling the profound distrust with which his party was regarded. He was in honest sympathy with honest politics. His interest in political progress and in wise reform was evident; and although his official course was often inconsistent with principles which he was believed to approve, it seems to be undeniable that his hold upon public confidence and upon the respect of his political opponents was much stronger at the end than at the beginning of his administration. This feeling has certainly not changed since he left the Presidency. He is probably more popular to-day than he has ever been. Sympathy with the tariff views declared by the Democratic party is by no means always strong enough to overcome the influence of what seems the almost insuperable power of its traditions, and its instinctive opposition, as a party, to political reform, and the personality of the candidate is therefore of very great importance.

To set aside Mr. CLEVELAND as the Democratic candidate in 1892 would be to proclaim the triumph of the reactionary spirit in his party. It would be the announcement that the very qualities and views which commend him to the confidence of multitudes of patriotic and intelligent citizens who are not distinctively of his party are not approved by the party nor representative of its aims. Undoubtedly the "regulation vote" of the party would be given to the candidate, whoever he might be. But he must be a Democrat of a very sanguine disposition, or singularly ignorant of the deeper forces that influence elections, who supposes that the defeat, as a candidate, of the man who has been of more real service to his party than any other Democrat of the last generation would either unite the party more closely or win more votes beyond the party lines. Nothing so certainly as the success of Democratic opposition to Mr. CLEVELAND would revive the doubt and distrust which so long excluded it from power. It is true that our government is not one of men, but of laws; not of persons, but of parties. Undoubtedly also, as Senator MORTON said in Philadelphia in 1872, when Mr. SUMNER and Mr. TRUMBULL and other conspicuous Republicans broke with the party, the party is greater than any man in it. But it is equally beyond doubt that men are accepted as representative of party convictions and tendencies, and that a party is estimated by its chosen candidates. If the Republican party in 1860 had nominated SIMON CAMERON instead of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it would have been a great party misfortune. Nothing could strengthen the Democratic party in 1892 more than the nomination of the representative of its best spirit and purpose.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS OF COPYRIGHT.

THE most gratifying fact in connection with the recent defeat of the international copyright bill in the House of Representatives is the very general protest of the press, and its plain speech in describing the act. This shows a public awakening and interest which are entirely unprecedented. Hitherto when the project of a copyright treaty has failed, or a report recommending a law has been quietly dropped, or a bill defeated, a copyright club or association may have expressed its regret and indignation strongly, but the public mind has been profoundly indifferent, and this indifference has been the apparent justification of the failure. But the present expression of dissent from the action of the House has been so general and emphatic that many a member of Congress would undoubtedly reconsider his vote if an opportunity should be offered. The argument was wholly with the friends of the law. Some of the opponents of the bill insisted vigorously that there can be no property in ideas. But they were beating the air. If they were informed upon the subject they knew two things which Mr. LOWELL mentions in his recent letter.

One is that if the assertion be an argument against copyright, it is an argument against patent-right. A lawn-mower is as much an idea as a book. The other thing is that copyright, like patent-right, does not allege a property right in an idea, but in the form given to ideas by genius and labor, by which alone they are made serviceable to mankind. Those who betake themselves to the assertion that property is made by law do not help their cause until they show why law should not protect the form of BRYANT'S or IRVING'S idea as well as MCCORMACK'S or HOBBS'S. Moreover, if law makes property, it may do it in every case which promises a public advantage. That is evidently the view of the Constitution, which, to promote the progress of science and useful arts—thus admitting them to be of public benefit—authorizes granting a property right in their works to authors and inventors. Can any man truthfully deny that MRS. STOWE'S *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a public benefit by arousing the public conscience? and that great poets and historians and story-tellers and artists of high degree are public benefactors as well as the inventors of street-sweeping machines?

Great stress was laid in the debate upon the benefits of cheap reading. But how is that argument relevant? Cheap reading is good, certainly, but so is cheap bread. Our law maintains the right both of our baker to his bread and of our author to his book. But the right of property in both is practically denied if it is not acknowledged wherever it exists, as in the foreign baker and author. We do in effect steal that property when we refuse to acknowledge it in order to appropriate it more cheaply to our own use. The argument practically is that if we refuse to recognize in the foreign author precisely the same right of property in his work that we recognize in the American author, we can procure the foreign work more cheaply. But why do we recognize any such right in the American author? The Constitution answers, because his books are useful. Why do we want foreign books to be cheap? Because they are useful. Then there is the same reason for recognizing the right of property in the foreign as in the domestic work. This is the fact which is becoming very much clearer, and it explains the general and strong protest against the vote in the House. It would now seem to be probable that reconsideration of the bill in a full House might produce a result more in harmony with the American sense of fair play than the recent action.

THE INEQUALITY OF A TARIFF.

IF the tariff were what its theory and the speeches of its supporters assume, a fair and equal protection of all the industrial interests in the country, it would appeal more strongly to the national sense of justice. But it is because a tariff is the result of a conflict, not of all but of some interests, each grasping for the most that it can get, and relying upon every kind of personal and selfish motive to succeed, that it is practically obnoxious class legislation. The late debate in the House revealed the utter difference of opinion as to the practical operation of the proposed scheme, and a radical difference as to the proper purpose of any tariff. The farmers are now apparently the especial care of the friends of a tariff. The old argument for the farmers is that they are the especial beneficiaries of protection because it multiplies home industries and gives agricultural products a home market. If, in fact, farmers are equally protected with everybody else, the argument as an argument is sound. But Mr. BUTTERWORTH said, deliberately, and his assertion was not questioned, "I can name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits in the last decade have exceeded those of all the agriculturists of any State in this Union." The friends of a tariff, indeed, are not yet bold enough to assert in terms that farmers and other citizens ought to pay a tax for the benefit of preferred industries which are essential to our independence of other countries. But they lay the tax, nevertheless. When a tariff is made upon the principle of equal protection and by men solely intent upon justice, it will be relevant to the discussion to lay the faults of a tariff upon selfish individual legislators.

That tariff protection is utterly unequal and a scheme of favoritism is a familiar fact. It will not be pretended that the wages of workmen, whom the tariff is also said especially to protect, bear any equal proportion of increase to the profits of the proprietors of the industry. The new tariff lays a duty upon tin plate for the alleged purpose of establishing that industry, which will employ laborers and pay them high wages. This is the assertion. What is the fact? The workmen already employed in other industries must pay more for their dinner pails upon the chance that rich men will invest money in a business which depends upon a tax that would certainly be repealed as soon as the opposition party acquires control. This is the fair play of an unequal tariff. But how many of the Representatives who voted for the new tariff know what it is? How many can explain to their constituents what changes have been made and how they will affect their constituents' interests? The tariff will go into a conference, and come out with changes which only diligent study will reveal, and which again will be the result of a selfish conflict of interests, and not of a desire to provide equal protection to every industry.

The action of the majority in the House prevented adequate knowledge and full discussion of the bill now pending in the Senate. Whatever may be the necessity of a provision to prevent wanton filibustering, the practical suppression of debate upon a measure which profoundly affects the entire industry and business of the country was extraordinary. But Senator PLUMB, wishing to enlighten both Congress and the country upon the actual changes increasing and decreasing duties, and the reasons for such changes, introduced the following resolution, which has been adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Finance Committee be directed to report to the Senate in connection with House bill 9416, commonly known as the tariff bill, a statement showing the duties levied by the present law, the duties as they would be according to said House bill, and the duties as proposed by said (Senate) committee, all said duties to be stated in parallel columns or otherwise as may be most convenient for examination and comparison; and said committee is specially instructed, in the event it shall recommend the levy of duties not now provided by law, or shall recommend the increase of duties beyond those now imposed, to furnish to the Senate in writing the reasons in each case which have led the committee to recommend the addition of such new duties or the increase of present duties respectively."

This resolution is manifestly fair and useful. The Senate can have no just reason to conceal the changes made in the tariff, and if the reasons are sound, the more clearly they are stated, the more general and certain will be public approval of the bill. The more plain it is made that the tariff aims only at the general interest by equal protection, the more probable is general satisfaction. But the more concealment and mystery in which it is wrapped, the greater and more universal will be suspicion and distrust.

AMERICAN ARTS.

AT a late assembly of artists in Paris, the remark of our minister, Mr. REID, that Congress proposed to repeal the tax upon foreign works of art, was received with great enthusiasm. The artists must have wondered how an intelligent people could ever have laid such a tax, which instead of protecting, prevents the development of art in the country. One of the results of the repeal may be the correction of a tendency which Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE remarked in a recent interview reported in the *World*.

"I have often wondered," he said, "why America has never produced a school of artists who could content themselves with painting merely their own homes. I can never understand why American artists should come abroad to paint little corners of France which have been painted over and over again, when there is such a great field for their energy at home." In making this remark, which, however, contains a wise suggestion, the Prince forgot the truth expressed in CAMPBELL'S line:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The mere aspect of London and Paris has a charm for the American which the native of those cities cannot understand, except as he feels the spell of Rome or Venice. Moreover, the American square white house with green blinds which annoyed DICKENS, although the home of greater thrift and comfort than the stained and thatched stone cottage of the French peasant at Barbizon or elsewhere, is less picturesque. Remoteness and strangeness have the elements of romance.

But the English TURNER shows the essential truthfulness of Prince BONAPARTE'S view. One of his most famous pictures, the old "*Téméraire*," represents a famous English man-of-war in English waters—a picture whose poetic charm is pathetic and profound. The "Casting of the Statue of Wellington" and the "Great Eastern Railway" are also pictures of the most familiar local incident, but of great splendor and power. It is one of the benefits of the repeal that the more generally and readily the American artist studies great foreign works, the more clearly he will see that it is American character and landscape and life which will inspire an enduring American art.

CONSTRAINT AND THE CENSUS.

THE value of statistics of all kinds of knowledge is undeniable, and the machinery for taking a census of the population is the most convenient for obtaining a great deal of important information. This can be secured, however, only by asking and answering the necessary questions. Lists of such questions have been prepared for the census which is now to be taken, and the enumerators will propose them in the houses that they visit. If anybody should be unwilling to answer the questions, the enumerator will make a note of the fact, and if the refusals are very numerous, the value of the information will be so far reduced; and, according to the Superintendent of the Census, the census officer in the district will decide whether the refusals are of such a character as to require constraint to elicit an answer.

It is this last proposition which has excited some surprise. The Constitution provides for a census as the basis of the adjustment of representation. But it expressly forbids unreasonable searches and seizures. A large part of the questions which are asked by the enumerators are evidently beyond the contemplation of the Constitution. But they are designed to elicit much useful information, and in authorizing such questions Congress probably does not mean to subject the people to unreasonable inquisition.

But while well-disposed citizens will willingly answer many questions for the common benefit, they may decline to answer others, and the allusion of the Superintendent to the "exercise of greater constraint" to obtain answers is very curious. There is no good reason why a man should decline to state whether there are or are not insane persons in his household, because the information may be of ultimate scientific service. But if he should decline, the authority to enumerate the population can hardly be held to justify compelling him to answer. With the exercise of a little commonsense, however, all trouble may be avoided.

MR. CLARKSON'S DILEMMA.

MR. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, will resign on the 1st of July. He will be noted, probably, as the official agent of more changes in the postal service than have ever been made within the same time. It is therefore very interesting to remark that Mr. CLARKSON, according to the report of his reply to some comments of Mr. CABOT LODGE, thinks "that all people in the Federal service should be retained as long as they are found faithful and useful." This is good doctrine, but "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

Let us look at the application. Mr. CLARKSON frankly holds to what is known as the spoils system. He uses a little circumlocution, and is "as much in favor of reform as anybody," but his practice shows what he believes. Now there are, let us say, 52,000 or 53,000 fourth-class post-offices. According to the best information accessible, Mr. CLARKSON has made probably some 30,000 changes in them in a little more than a year. But as he says that all people in the Federal service should be retained as long as they are found faithful and useful, it follows that he has found an immense proportion of the fourth-class postmasters in the country to be unfaithful and useless.

This must have been a very painful disclosure to an Assistant Postmaster-General who believes as much as anybody in civil service reform, although not in Mr. LODGE'S "superfine theory." The moral of the revelation, however, is the important part of it; that is where the bearings of the observation lays. These postmasters were appointed, according to the assertion of the organs of Mr. CLARKSON'S party, for political reasons. In other words, the offices had been treated as spoils. That treatment, however, has filled them with faithless and useless incumbents. Yet Mr. CLARKSON thinks that method the best. It is not surprising that he proposes to resign, and leave to some one else who also holds that postmasters should be retained as long as they are faithful and useful to turn them out for political reasons.

MR. BUTTERWORTH'S VOTE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks how we like Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S vote for the tariff which he had condemned as unjust. We regret it, and for the very reason which our correspondent suggests. It was a vote evidently inconsistent with the views which he had so strongly and lucidly expressed. He is, as he said plainly, a protectionist. He thinks that much of our prosperity is due to that policy, but that the true principle of protection is the security of equal opportunity to American industry, not the creation of monopoly. He demonstrated that this principle was not that of the MCKINLEY tariff, and that it created monopolies. Then he voted for it.

The explanation which he would undoubtedly give is that the Republican party is the only protection party, and that in politics, as Mr. SEWARD said, we must take what we can, not what we would. If such should be his explanation, it would be equivalent to saying that any kind of a protective tariff, however unfair and monopolistic, is better than a revenue tariff, and that not to vote with his party would be to aid the defeat of the only party from which any kind of protection is to be expected. In other words, Mr. BUTTERWORTH would say, "the situation offered me a choice of evils, and I took the lesser."

That is not an unusual dilemma in politics. But it seems to us that Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S strong statements of his protective views, with which there is strong Republican sympathy, and his demonstration that the MCKINLEY bill was not based upon the true principle of protection, would have enabled him to vote against it without exclusion from his party, unless he concedes that the principle of the bill is the Republican view of protection, in which case he does not hold the Republican view. If his object were to win over his party to his view, how could he expect to do it by showing, as a Republican, that he did not think his view worth voting for? Support of the MCKINLEY bill was not a test of Republicanism, and as a Republican he might very well have opposed it by his vote as by his speech. If the bill was a test of Republicanism, his speech had already shown that he was not a Republican.

PATRIOTISM AND PENSIONS.

THE good sense of the veteran soldiers of the Union protests strongly against the disposition to treat them as paupers and destitute of patriotic feeling. The combined efforts of pension agents and politicians to represent service in the civil war as a purely mercenary transaction, and the assumption that every soldier and sailor, however vigorous and prosperous he may be, is pining for a pension, are repelled with scorn by representative soldiers. The imputation of demagogues upon the patriotic generosity of the country that there is any indifference to the claims of the widows and orphans of honorable soldiers is wholly without foundation.

There was never more generous provision for pensions made in any country. But no intelligent American will favor a system of pensions which disregards every consideration except the fact that a man was enlisted. Such an American, for instance, would not advocate taxation of the people to-day in order to pay a pension to the deserter of a quarter of a century ago. He would not approve the payment of a thousand dollars a year as a pension to every man who was enrolled in the service, whatever his pecuniary situation.

In other words, he would have pensions determined by principles which commend themselves to every honest man. Honest men know that there is an immense amount of demagoguery in the cry for more and larger pensions, and that nothing but a strong and firm expression of public opinion will arrest the schemes of pension agents practically to empty the treasury under the plea of succor to widows and orphans. In this country poor men pay taxes as well as rich men. For the soldier who was injured in the common cause, and for his family, poor men and rich men will gladly care. But they will not regard the soldiers merely as hirelings. They were fighting for themselves as well as for others. The result was a triumph of patriotism, not of pay. Commander COSGROVE, of the Grand Army far in the West, at Ellensburg, in Washington, speaks in the spirit of the true American soldier: "When a man's country is in danger, he owes to it everything he has, even his life. When the war broke out, we owed our country the offer of our service, and when we enlisted and did our duty, we paid our country only what we owed it."

SUMMER NIGHT CONCERTS.

THE resident of New York whose occupations keep him in the city during the summer, and the stranger who finds the city, with its ample and various resources of amusement, one of the pleasantest of summer resorts, both recall with delight the summer night concerts of THEODORE THOMAS at the old Central Park Garden. All such residents and strangers will hear with no less pleasure that a four weeks' series of those concerts will be renewed this year at the Lenox Lyceum, close by the Park. The series will have begun before this paper is issued, on the evening of Decoration Day, and will continue during the month of June.

The announcement states that "in order that all tastes shall be satisfied, the programmes for the different nights will be varied, though they will all be kept as artistic and attractive as the skill of Mr. THOMAS and his wide acquaintance with the literature of music can make them. On Monday of each week the programme will be of a light and popular character; Tuesday's will be signalized by the participation of soloists; on Wednesday the music will be miscellaneous in character; on Thursday the second part of the programme will include a symphony, the other parts being of a less severe order of music; the programmes of Fridays will contain compositions whose performance has been requested by patrons; Saturday's scheme will be like that of Monday."

The conductor, the place, the orchestra, and the season all combine to secure the highest enjoyment at these concerts. It was the old series which really introduced WAGNER to the American public, and the same catholic sympathy, large acquaintance with music, and knowledge of the popular taste which have always marked the THOMAS concerts will not be wanting in the new series.

PERSONAL.

STUART MERRILL, the translator of *Pastels in Prose*, the recently published work in "The Odd Number Series," is reckoned among the most promising of the younger French poets, and from his perfect command of the French language it would never be suspected that he was not a Frenchman. He is an American by birth, but received his education in Paris. He belongs to the "Symbolistes," or, as they are called, the "Décadents," the latest school of French writers. His poems have been reviewed in the *Nouvelle Revue* and other leading journals abroad. He is a contributor to various periodicals in Paris, and a collection of his poems has been published under the title of *Les Gammes*. While living in this country he was the New York correspondent of the *Revue Wagnérienne*.

—Professor DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, the victor in the suit brought by Cornell University to recover about $2,500,000, left by will to the university by Mrs. FISKE (JENNY MCGRAW), but which, it seems, the institution could not legally hold, is about sixty years old. He was graduated from Hamilton College, and is a man of unusual linguistic attainments, while he is known as the first Icelandic scholar in the world. Chess-playing is also one of his accomplishments. He was a close friend of PAUL MORPHY, and with him published a paper devoted to the interests of the game. Early in his career Professor FISKE had journalistic tastes, and at different times edited papers in several States, numbering among his friends such writers as CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, BAYARD TAYLOR, and United States Senator HAWLEY. When Cornell University was founded he became Librarian and Professor of North European Languages, and at Ithaca met and became engaged to Miss MCGRAW, a woman of fine intellect, and of such devotion to her father that she would not marry till after his death. Professor FISKE is abroad at the present time, travelling and pursuing researches of deep interest to him.

—Sportsmen in India and Africa have always regarded a wounded elephant as one of the most dangerous and revengeful of animals. FRANK L. JAMES, of England, a well-known African traveller and entertaining writer, had occasion recently to test this propensity of the beast, and met with fatal results. Instead of stamping his assailant out of existence, as is sometimes the case in such encounters, the enraged brute pierced Mr. JAMES'S breast with a tusk, and he died soon after. The unfortunate traveller was on a yachting trip with pleasant companions along the west coast of Africa, and having entered the Gaboon River, went ashore on a hunting trip. It was during this expedition that he met his death. He leaves a brother in this city, D. WILLIS JAMES, a member of the firm of PHELPS, DODGE, & CO.

—D. EDGAR CROUSE, a rich bachelor of Syracuse, New York, is finishing a stable which is said to have cost over $700,000. It is palatial in all respect, even to the comparatively small portion which the horses will occupy. There are rooms finished in costly woods, tiled mosaics, and other elaborate ornamentations. In the dining-room is a sideboard that cost $2000, while the anvil and tools of the blacksmith shop are nickel-plated.

—JAMES CARLYLE, the last surviving brother of THOMAS CARLYLE, has just died near Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

—The widow of Sergeant PLUNKETT, a Massachusetts soldier, has just received a pension. Various acts of bravery made THOMAS PLUNKETT conspicuous, but the loss of both his arms by the explosion of a shell, while carrying the colors of his regiment during a charge at the battle of Fredericksburg, gave him especial prominence. He lived for twenty years after meeting this calamity.

—PHILIP BRIGHT, the youngest son of the late JOHN BRIGHT, has become a Home-ruler.

—WALT WHITMAN has chosen his burial-place in the prettiest part of Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, New Jersey, where he lives. On the occasion of Queen VICTORIA'S recent birthday he sent her a sprig of arbutus, accompanied by a few lines and a sentiment, both of which were eminently characteristic of the poet.

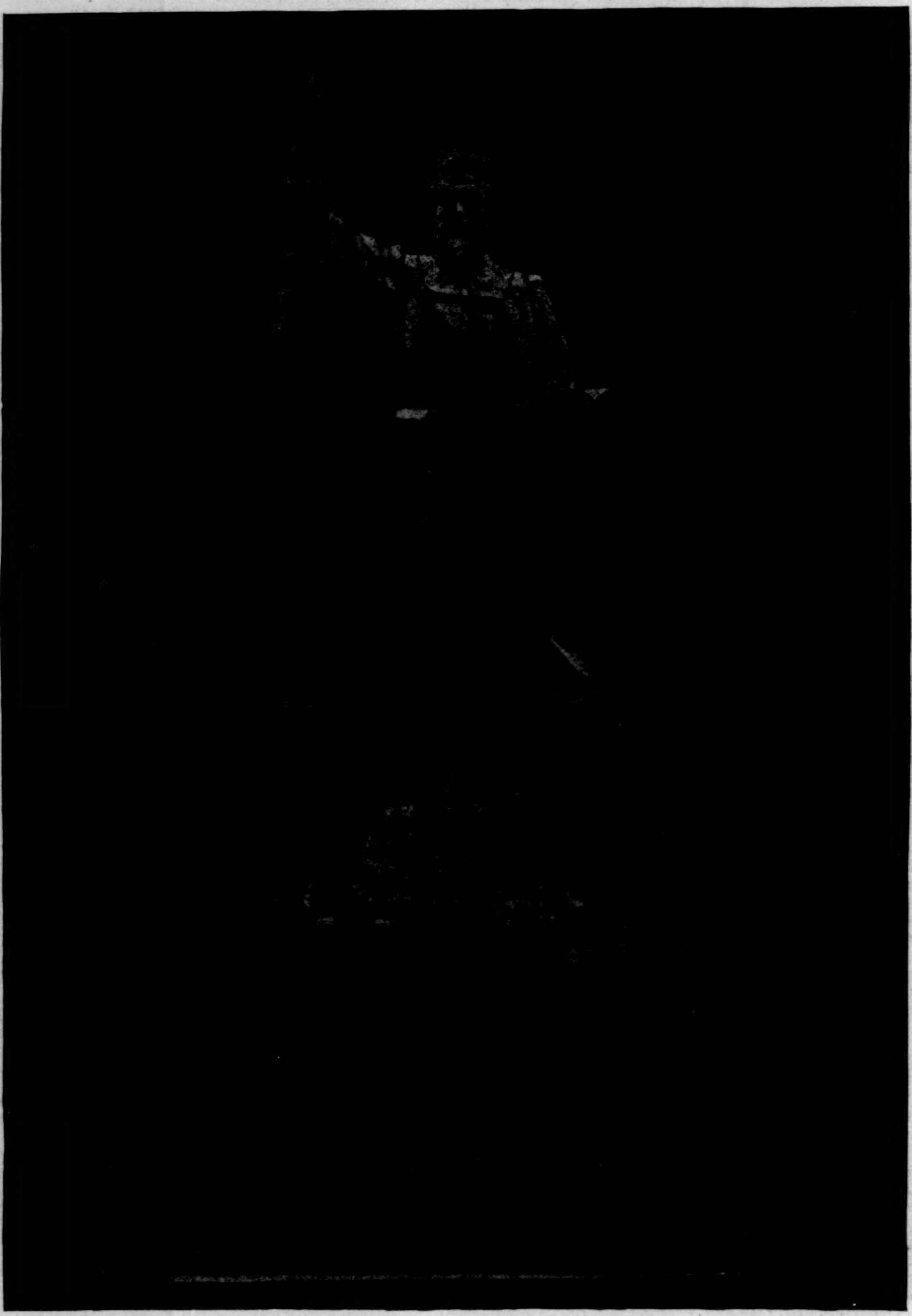
—The Empress of Austria has had her wedding dress, which was of white brocade embroidered with silver, made into a set of priestly garments for the Church of St. Matthew, in Pesth, and her bridal wreath encircles an embroidered picture of the Virgin.

—A familiar figure, known as the "Black Horseman," has disappeared from Berlin since Prince BISMARCK'S departure. He was the Chancellor's private courier, and had been in his employ since 1866. His real name was LUDWIG LEWERSTRÖM. During the Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars he served the Prince, and was the only German witness of the meeting between his master and the Emperor of France on the morning of September 2, 1870, which completed the humiliation of NAPOLEON III., and practically closed the war. He carried important messages during the days at Versailles when the articles of capitulation were being prepared, and the same dark figure galloped incessantly between the palaces of Emperor WILLIAM I. and of Emperor FREDERICK and the home of the Chancellor during the periods, not so far apart, when the German rulers lay at the point of death. The fact that the courier was usually clothed in black gave him the name of the "Black Horseman."

A MONUMENT TO JOHN ELIOT.

ALTHOUGH there is a church at Roxbury, Massachusetts, named in honor of the Apostle of New England to the Indians, no monument of an artistic kind has been erected to him. The want has been now supplied, so far as a design is concerned. Mr. John Rogers, the modeller of popular statuette groups, has undertaken on his own account to put in plaster a heroic group of John Eliot preaching the Word to the Indians of New England. This group may be seen in the large illustration herewith.

We get a pleasant glimpse of the venerable John Eliot in his seventy-eighth year from the Labadist pilgrim Danckers, who came from the Netherlands in 1679 on a flying visit to New York, Boston and other settlements where believers in his form of Protestantism were to be found. Hearing of him in Boston, the pilgrim went out to Roxbury, where John Eliot was the minister. Although Eliot could speak neither Dutch nor French, and Danckers knew hardly any English, they made shift to understand each other by the help of a little Latin. Eliot told him he had been forty-eight years in New England, which would give 1631 as the date of his arrival. Danckers contrasts the courtesy and piety of John Eliot with the ministers of Boston, saying of them (Sunday, July 7, 1679), "We heard preaching in three churches by persons who seemed to possess zeal, but no just knowledge of Christianity." But though John Eliot was the best of the ministers, his son did not please, because he had a disposition to ridicule and dispute. "We told him what was good for him, and we regretted we could not talk more particularly to him." The Apostle informed them that almost all the Bibles in the Indian tongue which he had published were destroyed in the late Indian war, or carried away, but that he was getting out a new and better edition. He supplied them with the advance sheets of the Old and New Testaments, and specimens of his Indian grammar, for which he declined to receive payment. John Eliot accepted from Danckers the Latin tract by Johan de Labadie, justifying his separation from the French, or Walloon, Church of Holland, and pleased the party very much by praising "God the Lord, that had raised up men and reformers and begun the reformation in Holland." It seems that John Eliot was dejected concerning the religious situation in Boston and New England generally. He told them concerning the Indians that in many countries their conversion was temporary, but he thanked God, and God be praised for it, that there were Indians whom he knew who were truly converted of heart to God, and whose profession was sincere. Altogether the glimpse we get of John Eliot from sectarians not of his particular faith, who never exaggerated, and were inclined to be rather severe with men and things in the New World, increases our respect and admiration for his character.



JOHN ELIOT, THE PURITAN MISSIONARY, PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GROUP EXECUTED BY JOHN ROGERS.

The Rev. John Eliot has every claim on New England; he is one of the few saints worthy of a niche; he can be considered as a set-off against the inhuman conduct of the whites toward the Indians. He is a strictly local worthy for New England's colonial epoch. While New France had its Catholic apostles and martyrs, the New Netherlands had their own Apostle to the Indians, somewhat before John Eliot's time, in the person of Dominė Megapolensis, who learned Mohawk and preached to that tribe at Albany. His original name was Johan van Mekelenburg, but this, in accord with the quaint habits of scholars in that day, he turned into Greek-Latin, taking Mekelen to mean great or "mickle," whence he formed Megapolensis. He was pastor of the church at Rensselaerswyck from 1642 to 1649, when he came to New Amsterdam, and proved himself here as fearless in telling Governor and citizens their faults, as he had been in reproving Mohawks for their bloodthirstiness. There is a peculiar fitness in erecting monuments to men like John Eliot and John Megapolensis, for in their day they were the only persons who had sufficient real piety to espouse the cause of savages, and enough learning to impose their authority on people released from many of the restraining influences of the Old World, and eager to amass wealth by any means in their power. Eliot and Megapolensis belong to a period when Protestant Churches gained more power than was good for their pastors, yet both of them used that power to protect the weak and withstand the tyrannical.

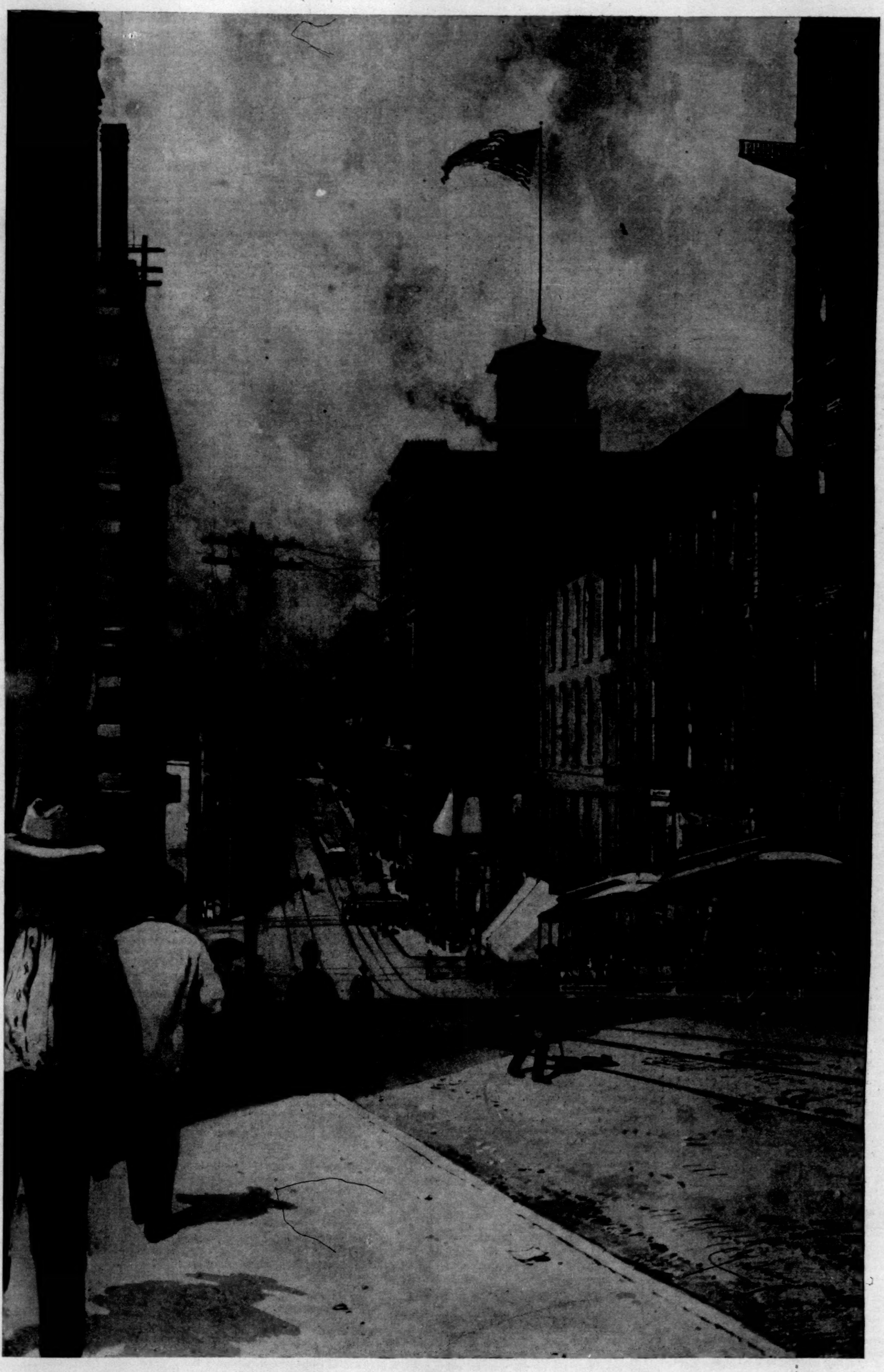
The sculptor has had no very satisfactory portraits to guide him in the figure of John Eliot, though two exist which are thought by their owners to be genuine. He pictures him in middle age, of a fair, well-balanced countenance, sturdily built, and wearing an expression of calm certainty as to the importance of his mission. He has mounted a bowlder, drawn his translation of the Bible from the leather case fastened to his belt, and with uplifted index is telling an Indian audience of a home beyond the sky. A male and female Indian represent the audience. The man wears eagle feathers in a head-dress, and has plaited locks of hair falling on his bare breast. He holds bow and arrows in the left hand, and rests his right elbow on a bear-skin, which protects him from the rock. He wears buckskin trousers and moccasins. His pose is the most graceful of the three, but his expression is discontented, if not truculent. The squaw also has an eagle feather in her hair, though it is generally supposed that Indians associate that feather with boldness in war, and confine its use to men who have slain their foe. She wears high moccasins, but no stockings or leggings, a buckskin embroidered skirt to mid-leg, and a cloak made of the skin of a doe. Whilst the warrior looks off in a gloomy reverie, the woman raises her eyes toward the Apostle, but not sufficiently to fix them on him. On the right of our illustration is a portrait of Mr. Rogers in his sculptor's apron.

John Eliot's costume is a compromise between the clothing of a merchant about A.D. 1650 and the garb of a minister. He wears the skull-cap of a student and the robe of a man in orders. The deep collar and body-coat, the short breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes represent well enough an Englishman of the lower middle class. The transverse line of his collar or "band," that of his belt and the open Bible in his left hand, but still more the crosscut effected by the lower edge of the coat, give so many stoppages to the eye as it travels up from the base of the monument to the tip of the Apostle's raised right index. Among these the last is most important, and throws a deep shadow across the figure; it might be obviated very easily should the sculptor care so to do.

Taken as a whole, the three figures are distributed well. It is true that they are not knit together by one dramatic idea which brings each into active complicity with a common purpose. They are more realistically treated, as if, in the ordinary way, the preacher were expounding a text and the listeners were attentive, but not specially hanging on the lips of their teacher. But the lines of the Apostle's robe give a silhouette which is very agreeably carried down by the figures of the Indians, thus producing a composition of considerable excellence. It is indeed remarkable, when we think of the sculptor's life-long devotion to little statue groups, to find that he can do so well on a large scale, for the monument is about thirty-five feet high. Yet it is not to be denied that the training in small groups which Mr. Rogers has had these thirty years past has influenced him somewhat in the present instance. Meant for interiors where they are placed on mantelpieces, bureaus, side-tables or whatnots, his groups are usually approached from one side only. They are intended for the same purposes as the statuette groups in clay which come from Greece and Asia Minor, though these are commonly enough quite rude and unfinished on the back. But usually a monument having the bigness and importance in other respects we find in this group is so placed as to be viewed from all sides. It generally stands in the centre of a square, where people may approach it from any direction.

But it may be noticed that such an emplacement would be unlucky for this monument. It needs the background of a great pine wood, or of a mountain, or of some big edifice. It faces one way, and concentrates its interest toward but one quarter. Seen from the extreme right or left, it would still be fine, but seen from behind, it would be unfortunate. The criticism is therefore not a radical one, but simply a limiting criticism, a warning that care should be taken not to dispose of the monument in such a way as to lose its best effect. We have in New York an example of the kind which is very prominent. The Farragut on Madison Square is not properly placed, because it has but one face, that turned toward Broadway. But it is also approachable from the square, and then turns its back on the spectator, who does not know what to make of the semicircular pedestal that looks out of all proportion to the figure, and can hardly admire the back of the gallant admiral's trousers. That handsome monument ought to be in Central Park, at the end of a flower-bordered walk, and backed closely by a solid mass of leafage.

If the "John Eliot preaching to the Indians" finds favor with New England, it can easily be placed so as to form a notable ornament of Boston, Roxbury, or some other place identified with Eliot's long and praiseworthy career. The sculptor is a native of Massachusetts, who has worked out his own artistic salvation in a way very typical and American.



NINTH STREET, KANSAS CITY, LOOKING WEST FROM WALNUT STREET.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 451.]

A DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE widow Hutchins and Miss Eunice Mann lived together in a pleasant old house on the main street of Harpswell. They were cousins, not sisters, as many supposed them to be, and another cousin, an old bachelor who had gone to the city and become rich, gave them the rent of his family homestead free, and the use of a Jersey cow also, which he did not wish to sell, it having been a pet of his mother, who had recently died. The house was delightfully situated. From the front windows under the shadow of the tall elms which arched the street one could see all the life and stir of the village—the summer boarders flitting to and from the hotel; the bustle about the post-office, which was in Miss Blagden's parlor just across the way; the stage rumbling by, with its yellow wheels and clumsy creaking body; the sparks flying from the door of the blacksmith's shop; the milliner's window with its queer medley of bonnets and confectionery; and the people hastening to the old white meeting-house opposite of a Sunday morning. And at the back of the house, through a charming old-fashioned garden filled with homely posies and fruit trees of every description, there was a view of the bay, with its hurrying holiday steamers and white-sailed ships and fishing-boats.

Their neighbors and friends were always telling them that there never were two lonely and unprotected females in the world as well off as they were. They had plenty of money to live on, and a goodly amount stored away in the bank for a rainy day. There were no vegetables like those raised on the sunny slopes of the Mann place in the whole county, no such delicious honey to be found anywhere as their bees stored away in the red hives under the apple-trees. They had no one to trouble them, not even a maid-servant or a hired man, for with the occasional assistance of a neighbor's boy they preferred to take care of their cow and their garden themselves. They had work enough to take up their minds, but not enough to be wearing. They had plenty of time to go visiting whenever they felt in the mood. Their own folks were near neighbors, and how pleasant and convenient and comfortable everything was about the house!

"Well, yes, I s'pose we are well off," the old, or rather elderly ladies would always say, with a little sigh. "The house is convenient, and the back kitchen's so handy ter pickle 'n' perserve in in the summer-time 'n' fall. A great big back kitchen like that is beautiful, for if you hev your sugar 'n' things round in the reg'lar kitchen, the flies 'n' wasps do get about the house so, and everything gets so dretful sticky, too."

A good place to preserve in seemed to be the most important thing of all to them, as they were both passionately fond of sweets, and nothing had the power to thrill their souls like a recipe for a new kind of preserves or sweet pickle. They were always on the search for something of the kind with the same steadfast eagerness that an astronomer looks for a new comet or different phases of the planets, and were sometimes inspired to invent themselves, in the dark days of winter, when there was nothing else new under the sun in sleepy little Harpswell.

But the sigh which always accompanied their speech when they acknowledged that they were favorably situated revealed to their friends that there was a skeleton, perhaps skeletons, in the household. And in fact there were. In the first place, the two ladies had only two tastes and desires in common, that of sweets, and for saving, and Mrs. Hutchins's desire for saving amounted to a mania. Mrs. Hutchins, who had weak eyes, liked a dark room, with all the sun shut out of it, and Miss Mann liked a light one. Mrs. Hutchins had a pet parrot; but Miss Mann thought parrots were a mistake. Miss Mann liked to have the cat enjoy the freedom of the house, have a place by the sitting-room fireside, and to have her regular meals; but Mrs. Hutchins objected. She liked a cat to be a cat, and stay in the barn and woodshed, and catch mice for a living. Of what use was she otherwise? Mrs. Hutchins didn't approve of any but Brahma hens, and Miss Mann didn't approve of any but Poland. Miss Mann liked to sprinkle the carpets with tea leaves when she swept; she thought it made them look bright and new. Mrs. Hutchins thought it was a real dirty trick, and was of no use at all. Mrs. Hutchins would use a handle mop, and it made Miss Mann awful nervous to see her. It was a real lazy hired-girl notion, and nobody could do any real work with it. In fact, they disapproved of each other's ways entirely, and the delightful old Mann place was not the lovely bower of innocence and ease which it ought to have been. But more wearing and perplexing than even these differences in taste and opinion was keeping the household accounts straight, as both ladies were supposed to share the expenses equally, and the receipts which came in the way of milk and honey and eggs also, and neither of them, alas! as Mrs. Hutchins expressed it, had much of an intellect for mathematics.

"I declare, Nancy, 'tis dretful tedious havin' these half-cents come as they do every time we reckon up," said Miss Mann, one breezy spring morning as the two ladies sat in their cozy kitchen.

"Tis; 'n' the hens hev taken ter layin' an uneven number o' eggs every day, too, 'n' the cow gives a half-pint over. I'm 'most worn out with it all. 'N' then your butter 'n' mine got mixed up when Aunt Adoniram had ter take a notion ter help clear away the table yesterday. I wish folks that come a-visitin' wouldn't be so officious, but would jest set still 'n' mind their own affairs," said Mrs. Hutchins, sharply.

"I *do* despise ter have company a-helpin' round, but, lor, 'tain't such a killin' thing to have the butter mixed up for once. I ain't afraid but I shall get my share. It's these things that are comin' up all the time that trouble me," said Miss Eunice. "I'd ruther wash half a day than to calkerlate half an hour."

"I don't remember who had the half-cent over the last time we settled about the milk, but I know I put it down on a piece of paper, and put the paper up behind the clock. But when I was down with that spell o' ploorisy, 'n' you was over helpin' to take care o' Ben's sick baby, the deacon's Polly came in to sweep for me. 'Twas real good of her, but she is such a whisker. Whisk went her duster, and everything flew out o' the winder of course. Now if I'd been a-dustin' for folks I should ha' noticed a piece o' folded paper put up in a careful place like that."

"So would 'most anybody but a hired girl, or folks brought up as slack as the deacon's family. How *do* folks put up with hired girls, I wonder? But never mind about that half-cent; I'm pritty sure it's yours. If I can only git this figgerin' straight to-day, I won't say nothin'."

"But the half-cents are of great importance," said Mrs. Hutchins, with an air of weighty concern. "They sometimes amount to consid'able in the course of a month—as much as five or six cents, 'n' you don't want ter lose that, nor I either. We can't afford it."

"Well, I don' know but I'd ruther lose it 'n to bother this way over it. I'm actually afeard my mind 'll git ter troublin' me before long. I wisht I was goin' off somewhere in that boat," sighed Miss Mann, lifting her head from the troublesome accounts to watch the course of a conceited little steamer that went bustling and puffing past the fishing-boats with an air of high holiday. "I'd orter be out in the garden this minute, though. The weeds has all got in 'mongst the currant bushes, 'n' I want ter git some rhubub ter make a little sarce for dinner. It's a good spring medicine, if it is dretful sour."

"Well, I wisht you'd tend ter the reck'nin' while you're about it. You're jest as flighty as a child, Eunus, 'n' I've been ter work on it ser long I feel as if I was all sinkin' ter nothin'. That reddy 'rithmetic William brought over don't amount to a row o' pins. Folks git kinder out er 'rithmetic by the time they've buried two husbands 'n' brought up sich a fam'ly o' boys as I hev. As fur you, Eunus, I don't b'lieve you ever hed any."

"I warn't never very good at it, I confess," sighed Miss Mann. "Grammar was my strong p'int; but I seem ter hev less faculty 'n usual this mornin'."

That day proved to be a very trying one to the two ladies, especially to Mrs. Hutchins. It was baking day, and the strips of pastry across one of the rhubarb tarts got put on awry. Mrs. Hutchins was quite sure that Eunice did it, though she herself had made two of these delectable articles. As for Eunice, she was equally sure that she was incapable of making so deadly a blunder. Then Eunice had clipped the wings of one of the hens, so that it could not fly over the fence, without consulting her; the cat, thoroughly demoralized by indulgence, had put her nose into the pitcher of milk which had been set aside for tea; and the green currant preserves had proved a decided failure. She never had anything but the best of luck when she made preserves by herself, but Eunice was always wanting to save a little work, and threw everything together, hit or miss. They had sold more eggs to-day, too, and so there was more reckoning to do, half-cents and all, though they had not been able to settle their last week's account as yet.

"I don't believe I can stan' this partnership business any longer," she said to herself. "Twould be tryin' with anybody, but specially with Eunus."

Eunice said she was ready to drop with "figgerin' and calkerlatin', 'n' was a good mint ter stay ter home from the Tuesday prayer-meetin' that evenin', 'n' see if she couldn't git no rest."

But when the cracked bell began to ring at twilight the two ladies donned their second-best bonnets and some penitential-looking gray shawls, and stepped across the street to the meeting-house.

Mrs. Hutchins, in giving her testimony, spoke so feelingly on the bitter trials and cares of life, and with so lugubrious a countenance, that everybody was sure that her son Andrew Jackson, who had been wild in his youth, had been "cutting up" again; and Miss Mann was startled to find herself trying to do fractions in the midst of Deacon Trueworthy's long-winded prayer.

"I'm losin' grace dretful," complained Mrs. Hutchins, when they were at home again. "I warn't edified a mite. I couldn't think o' nothin' but my troubles."

"Troubles is supposed to be conducive ter grace," sighed Miss Mann; "but I'm pritty sure calkerlatin' must be left off the list ov improvin' afflictions."

The next morning, just as the breakfast dishes were well out of the way, an old-fashioned high-topped chaise stopped at the gate.

"Good land, Nancy! 'Tis Freeman Jones, from over ter Sedgemont Landin'. You know we heard he was on the lookout for a wife 'coz his daughter that's kep' house fur him since his wife died was a-goin' ter git married. He's come a-courtin' now, sure's you born. Here's yer way out o' *your* trials, Nancy. As for me, I'm a-goin' ter keep out uv sight 'till he's off again."

"Cat's foot! He's jest as likely ter be comin' ter see you 's me," said Mrs. Hutchins, hastening to get a view of herself in the sitting-room mirror.

"If he thinks I'm fool enough ter go 'n' spile my peace o' mind a-gittin' merried at my time o' life, let him come ter see me. A husban's worse 'n even calkerlatin', or would be ter me. But seein' 's you've hed two—"

"Yes, I've hed two desperit good husban's," said Mrs. Hutchins, interrupting her; "'n' I dun'no' 's I want ter git merried again anyhow. It seems ter me you're jumpin' at conclusions about Brother Jones anyway."

"Well, you'd better go 'n' unfasten the front door, for if he's comin' a-courtin', 'n' I'm satisfied 't he is, he'll come in that way. Yes, there he is a-comin' up the front walk," she added, almost breathless with excitement.

Mrs. Hutchins smoothed her hair nervously as she proceeded toward the door. She was a very good-looking woman for one of her years, with snapping black eyes and cheeks deeply red, like a winter apple. She was always very neat in her dress also, and Brother Jones's looks rested upon her approvingly as she stood before him in the doorway. He was a stout man, who looked as if he had always been accustomed to have his own way and enjoyed it. And though he wore Sunday clothes, black and impressive, he held his whip upright in his hand, and had the air of meaning business.

Mrs. Hutchins saw that he did mean courtship at once, and solemnly opened the door of the best parlor, where the pair remained sitting for more than an hour. Then the lady proceeded to the pantry, and procured a plateful of marble-cake and some jelly tarts to offer to her admirer, who would not remain for dinner.

"Good land, Nancy!" said Miss Mann; "you'll have him sure enough if you give him marble-cake and jelly tart. It's just what you give Hutchins when he came courtin' the first time. I was visitin' at your house that day. You was doubtful 'bout hevin' him at that time."

"I don't know. I 'ain't quite made up my mind," said Mrs. Hutchins, with a little sigh. "I should git red o' calkerlatin', but then I should lose my share o' this house, 'n' everything else here too."

When the gentleman had taken his departure, the ladies sat down to an early dinner, which had been hastily prepared by Miss Mann.

"I knew you'd want something right away, Nancy. When I have a good deal on my mind it makes me real faint, 'n' I hev to have a cup o' tea soon 's I can get it if I hev an offer o' merriage."

This was pretty well for Miss Mann, as she never had received but one offer, and that was at the age of twenty.

"'N' somethin' real sweet to go with it too," she added. "So I opened another jar o' rawsberry perserves."

"I'm glad you did," said Mrs. Hutchins, absent-mindedly. "I hope the tea's extry strong."

"I s'pose you didn't give him a final answer ter-day, Nancy?" said Miss Mann, who found it impossible to wait for an account of the interview a moment longer.

"No; I couldn't make up my mind. There's a good many reasons why I'd better have him, I s'pose. He's well off, and can't help bein' a good pervider, 'coz he's got a store of his own to go to. It's real handy to have a store of your own if you happen to get out of anything. I always envied Anilly Adams down ter Tatnick Corner. Her husban' keeps a variety store, you know. He's a likely man too; folks all speak well of him; and he hasn't got but two children, both daughters. One's been merried for four or five years, 'n' the other, Almiry, 's a-goin' ter marry Joe Tilden, Elder Tilden's son, next month, 'n' go out West ter live. They say his house is furnished beautiful. It's ruther larger'n I want ter take care of, but Luciny Small—she took care o' Sister Jones in her last sickness—said she didn't mind so much if the work was hard, for there warn't nothin' anybody could ask for to do with, no contrivance for labor-savin' nor convenience of no sort, that there warn't in that house."

"It looks real nice on the outside," said Miss Mann; "but you've got a good house here as anybody could want."

"Yes; that's what I told him. Seems a pity to lose a free gift like this. Then there's the milk 'n' the honey, 'n' the fruit too. We get some profit out o' that. I s'pose you wouldn't let me hev my share of what you make on the milk 'n' honey jest the same, Eunus, in case I should leave?"

"Well, there, Nancy, you do beat all. Do you expect me ter take care o' that milk 'n' reckon it up jest the same, 'n' then go 'n' let you have half the profits? If you'll pay half fur takin' up the honey, I ain't a-goin' ter say nothin' ag'inst you're hevin' half o' that ter sell or ter keep, jest as you see fit."

"Well, Brother Jones has got two Jersey cows, 'n' they will be entirely at my service. I can make butter or sell the milk jest as I please, he says."

"You'd hev to keep a hired girl, of course. The Joneses always hed quite a farm over there ter Sedgemont."

"No; you don't ketch me keepin' a hired girl to waste 'n' destroy. They've got a man that's real handy about the house, as well 's seein' ter the garden 'n' the cows 'n' hoss. He takes the whole care o' the milk now, Brother Jones says; but if I should go there ter live, I wouldn't have him pokin' round amongst my pans."

"Well, now, Nancy, if you should go there to live, as you say, I ruther guess you'd hev ter toe the mark consid'able. I ken see in that man's countenance, fur all he looks ser dretful pleasant, that he don't mean ter divide the United States with nobody."

"Well, I calkerlate he'd hev ter divide 'em with me," said Mrs. Hutchins, with energy. "He wants me to go over there a-visitin' fur a few days next week, 'n' see how I like it; 'n' I'm a-goin' anyhow."

"I sh'd think you'd feel bound ter hev him after goin' over there that way. But there, Nancy, it's your business, not mine."

"Well, I s'pose, on the whole, I shell. You won't mind my leavin' here. You'll get red o' ser much calkerlation as well's I shell; 'n' William's Mary 'd be glad ter come 'n' keep you company, if you're amint ter give her her board, I've no doubt."

"No; I sha'n't be lonesome, 'n' I don't want no flighty girls in the house anyhow; but as long's I'm alone, 'n' he won't trouble nobody, I am goin' ter let William git me that big dog he was talkin' about when we fust come here. I always wanted a dog. I should feel a good deal safer about tramps 'n' burglars; 'n' then they're real useful on a place takin' care o' chickens, 'n' keepin' out stray cows 'n' such."

"For the land sake, Eunus! I'm a great mint to say no, right off on the spot, fur there's no knowin' what you won't do, left to yourself. Do you realize that a large dog—I can't bear the sight o' one—eats as much as a man?"

"I don't see why under the sun you should trouble yourself about that, Nancy. He won't be eatin' your vi'tuals; I should 'a' had him before, only I didn't want no trouble, 'n' then livin' together so. I don't b'lieve in keepin' anything—parrots, or dogs, or whatever 'tis—that the one I live with don't like."

"Well, you wouldn't be bothered with the parrot no more anyway, if that's what you're flingin' about; and if Brother Jones should have a dog, the dog 'd have ter take his departure soon's I got there."

"You always was dretful sanguine, Nancy. But there! there's no use in our quarrellin', as I see. Of course if I want a dog I shall have him, and I ain't goin' to interfere with any o' your doin's."

"I was a-thinkin' what I should wear ter Sedgemont on a visit like that," said Mrs. Hutchins, taking a mouthful of raspberry preserves with a far-away expression. "I don't seem ter hev a dress that's jest right fur such an occasion."

"Why don't ye wear your old black silk?" suggested Miss Mann.

"Lor! that ain't fit. It looks too kinder shiny and mournful. 'N' my best one's too good, 'n' my cashmere don't suit me; 'n' if I get my new serge made up—there would be plenty o' time, for Miss Dodge ain't busy now—'twould be told all over town that I hed to hev a dress made fer the occasion."

"Well, you can't expect to git merried without yer trials. Gittin' merried ain't as smooth a perceedin' as goin' ter County Conference."

"No, 'tain't. There's a lot o' risks 'n' doubts about it, 'n' if I hed any intelleck fer reckonin', 'n' there warn't ser many other bothers about two women's livin' alone, if we could git a man ter do nothin' about the garden that didn't use bad language, or a neighbor ter take up the honey that didn't charge so exorbetant, why, I wouldn't think of it, though Brother Jones is ser well-ter-do."

Mrs. Hutchins decided to wear the cashmere gown which didn't suit her, after all, and one beautiful incense-breathing morning of the next week Brother Jones drove over in a brand-new carriage to take her back with him to Sedgemont Landing. The songs of the birds would have been sweet to more sentimental ears, and the fresh fields and nodding blossoms to less practical eyes, but, though the drive was a rather silent one, it is hardly to be supposed that the two elderly people in the carriage were communing with nature, or were silent from that subtle sense of well-being from being together which is often felt by kindred souls.

As for Brother Jones, not having had occasion to pay attention to a lady for a great many years, he was somewhat at a loss to know what to say in the way of making himself agreeable. While there was business to be talked over, his tongue was sufficiently glib.

Mrs. Hutchins was lost in thought. She wondered if Brother Jones's house would be in good order; what kind of a house-keeper his daughter was; if they had any good preserving kettles, and a large back kitchen to keep the pickling and preserving and all the dirty farm work away from the main part of the house; if the well-water was pure, etc.

But as they were nearing Sedgemont Village she was roused from her reverie by the sight of a quantity of wild gooseberry bushes by the way-side perfectly laden with clusters of green fruit.

"Why, how thick them gooseberries are!" she exclaimed. "I should like to remember

this place. Gooseberries make beautiful perserves."

"They're good to eat when they're ripe, but, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin', perserves of all kinds is poor stuff. They ain't fit for anybody ter eat. They give me dyspepsy, 'n' I can't bear 'em in my sight."

"Well, now, *I admire* perserves. Eunus 'n' I put up some of 'bout every kind each year, 'n' there's nothin' goes so well, specially when we don't feel much appetite."

"Sho!" remarked Brother Jones; "I thought you was more sensible. But"—with a little indulgent laugh—"I'm willin' folks should eat 'em that like 'em, as long's I don't have to."

As Mrs. Hutchins remarked afterward, she "had a great mint ter tell him ter turn back then 'n' there, 'n' take her home again. She knowed all about folks that didn't like perserves. They was afraid o' buyin' the sugar it took ter make 'em; sugar cost."

"Don't you like nothin' sweet?" she inquired, in a tone of disapproval.

"Well, I can't say 't I do set much store by sweet things. I go in for hearty victuals more; somethin' 't there's some real estate in. The cake 't you brought in the other day when I was to your house was fust-rate, though. A piece o' plain cake's well enough in case o' company."

Mrs. Hutchins felt a great pang. If she had suddenly found out that he belonged to the Methodist Church instead of the Baptist, or used "bad language," or played cards at White's Corner evenings, or had a mortgage on his homestead, she could not have found either of these faults more serious or damaging to the man who wished to marry her than that he did not like preserves.

"I might as well go 'n' have my visit out, now I've got so fur anyhow," she said to herself. "There'd be nothin' improper about my goin' ter visit the fam'ly under any circumstances. He asked me to come many a time when Sister Jones was livin', seein' his folks 'n' mine was sech old friends, but 'twas never so I could go then, bein' a fam'ly o' my own ter see to. 'N' I'm kinder cur'us ter see the house. 'N' then"—with a vague idea of reform—"I might possibly bring him to his senses in the way of eatin'. I can tell better when I get there whether he's as sot in his ways as Eunus runs of an idea he is. The Sedgemont folks was always a kinder coarse-livin', thick-skulled sorter folks, 'n' I don't s'pose he ever eat any o' the best kind o' perserves or jells."

Two days later, just as Miss Mann was sitting down to her solitary tea, and thinking that "if Nancy's ways was ruther tryin', she'd got so used to them she'd ruther live with her than anybody else, and 'twas a great deal more lonesome than she thought it would be to be alone," a carriage stopped at the gate, and, to her great surprise, in came the object of her thoughts, bag and baggage.

"Why, Nancy! So soon? What upon earth's the matter?"

"Don't say nothin', Eunus. But there, if I ever *was* glad ter get home again! It 'll be a long spell before I go away another time, even over to my own daughter's, to spend more'n half a day."

"What was the trouble? Ain't you goin' ter git merried, after all?"

"Git merried? I jest begin ter realize how well off I be. Calkerlatin's nothin'."

"Didn't you like over ter Brother Jones's?"

"Do let me hev a cup o' tea if you've got some good 'n' strong, for I'm all beat out, Eunus. The goin's on over ter that place is enough to make any well-regerlated human bein' ravin' crazy. In the fust place, before we'd fairly got there, out come three great dogs a-barkin' 'n' leapin'. They was all over Brother Jones as soon as he got out o' the carriage, 'n' jumped up against me, with their great dirty paws on my dress. I screamed 'n' tried ter shake 'em off, but Brother Jones said I needn't be a mite afraid, they was real clever, 'n' he thought about as much of 'em as he did of himself. One of 'em, he said, staid to the store mostly, the other two kept round the house. They all follered us in, anyhow, 'n' kep' a-rollin' 'n' diggin' into the new Brussels carpet on the sett'n'-room floor, 'n' before I'd got my bunnit off he set 'em to showin' off all kinder tricks fer my edification. I wanted ter holler, but I jest said nothin'—my feelin's was too strong for words. Almiry, his daughter, seems to be a well-meanin' girl, but dretful slack, 'n' she spoke up two or three times, 'n' said, 'There, pa, 'tain't likely Mis' Hutchins likes animals as well 's you do; she's hed enough o' them dogs, I know.' But he didn't pay no 'tention, but kep' on till the dogs themselves got tired, 'n' stretched out ter sleep right in the gangway. When I come down from my room, after gittin' my things off, I was invited to set down in the parlor, 'twas cooler 'n the settin'-room, Almiry said, the doors was all flung open, 'n' the parlor, though 't had stuffed furniture in it, as common as the kitchen itself, 'n' there in a splendid figgered easy-chair was a great fat cat, asleep. I tried to scat her out, as there warn't nobody in the room but me; but land! she was so sarcy 'n' pampered she didn't stir, but jest opened her eyes 'n' stared at me, 'n' then struck at me with her paw."

"For the land sakes! You must ha' been disgusted, Nancy."

"My room was the parlor chamber, a real nice room, with a marble-top set in it, 'n' a boughten carpet; but lor! there was a patch o' dust on the wood-work 's big 's a dollar, 'n' the carpet looked kinder faded and linty, for the dogs were free to go everywhere, 'n' if I left the door open a minute to let it cool off a bit, in would walk one of 'em; 'n' when I got there, there was a little round holler where the cat had slept, or *a* cat; there was two of 'em, but one of 'em was hers, Almiry said, 'n' she was so 'tached to it she was a-goin' ter take it out West with her. But how could I bear to touch or put anything down on the bed-spread where that cat had been? I declare I feel 's if I was real dirty now, for I had ter sleep under it."

"Did the dogs stay in the house all the time?"

"No; if they had, I'd 'a' started for home that very night; but they could come in whenever they was a mint to, 'n' the way they rolled 'n' pawed on them carpets would 'a' made your heart ache. The meals was real coarse, almost scrimpin', I called 'em; no jells nor sweet sarce. Almiry didn't know how to cook no more'n nothing, but the best of it was given to the dogs 'n' cats. I declare I couldn't 'a' staid there a minute longer'n I did, ter see sech wicked waste. Then the way Almiry got her dishcloths ter lookin', 'n' the br'iler was bent, 'n' the poker twisted, 'n' the paint wore off the kitchen chairs more or less, 'n' the wall-paper didn't look as if 'twould ever come real bright 'n' clean again, it had been left ter git ser dusty."

"But you wouldn't hev ter put up with Almiry's cookin', 'n' as fer the dust 'n' disorder in the house, that could be remedied certain."

"'Twould take enybody a lifetime almost ter git things jest right. I wouldn't clear the house out ter my satisfaction ter hev it, fer all its fine furnishin' 'n' conveniences; but I gained somethin' by goin' over—I got a resate fer a new kinder perserves. 'Twas in a cook-book Almiry had jest bought, 'n' I wrote it off. 'Tain't nothin' but coocumber rinds, but the resate says it tastes superior ter citron, 'n' looks beautiful, clear 'n' transparent."

"There!" said Miss Mann, radiantly; "I'm in a hurry to try it. It might be real good."

"'N' 'bout the calkerlatin', Eunus. I was a-thinkin' it up after I went ter bed last night, 'n' I thought if you was willin' we'd better not fuss 'bout gettin' the half-cents 'n' everything jest even again, but take everything 't we can't balance easy 'n' lump it together 'n' give it ter foreign missions. You 'n' I both *hev* ter give somethin' ter the heathen, 'n' it might 's well be in that way 's any."

"Why, yes, that's a good idee; 'n' the heathen 'll be doin' some good then, if they do eat up missionaries, 'n' don' know nothin' 'bout the gospel. Was Brother Jones struck up when you giv' him the mittin?"

"Well, he seemed kinder that way at fust; but I recommended him ter July Trueworthy. She'd snap at him, yer know. She's a fool, curls 'n' property 'n' all, if ever there was one. 'N' I told him about the bank stock she hed, 'n' how fond she was of animals 'n' all; 'n' he said he ruther guessed my judgment was a good deal better'n his, after all."

THE GREAT HORSE ONTARIO.

High jumping, as applied to horses, is of recent growth, but has taken so firm a hold on the public's fancy that it is considered at all horse shows the great "drawing" attraction. No authentic record exists in England of any exceptional high jump by a horse with a rider. In 1869 Jack Spring cleared 6 feet 6 inches three times at the Dublin show, and a tradition exists that Mr. Bicknell in 1792 rode his horse backward and forward over a seven-foot wall which then encompassed Hyde Park. Perkins, the whipper-in to the East Sussex hounds, is said also to have cleared a park fence at Staumer "nearly 7 feet high." In this country Mr. Fred Gebhard's horse Leo was the first to make a decided mark as a high jumper. Hempstead, at one time the property of Mr. Berry Wall, and afterward of Mr. Rutherford, was also credited with over 6 feet, as was Mr. Raymond Belmont's The Goat. At the New York Horse Show of 1888 all previous records were broken by Leo and Filemaker, who tied at the then extraordinary height of 6 feet 9½ inches.

This stood as "the record" until the Chicago Horse Show of 1889, when the subject of this article and Roseberry, a horse belonging to Messrs. Moorehouse & Pepper, of Toronto, Canada, tied at 6 feet 10¼ inches. Ontario is a big gelding, standing not quite 16 hands. He was raised in the province of Ontario, being by a thorough-bred horse called Sharpcatcher, a grandson of Lexington, out of an unknown mare. He was purchased by Mr. S. S. Howland, of Mount Morris, New York, who now also owns his sire, as an untried horse, in the autumn of 1888. That season he was regularly hunted with the Genesee Valley hounds, and the following winter with the Dumblane hounds, Washington, D. C. That spring he finished third in a three-mile steeple-chase at the race meeting of the Dumblane Club. The horse was then taken back to Mount Morris, his owner never even suspecting his future career as a high jumper. Simply to "fill in," he entered him in a high-jumping contest at Geneseo during the annual July sports of the Genesee Valley Hunt Club. To the surprise of every one he cleared 5 feet 9 inches, and got over, in a fashion, 5 feet 11 inches. His next public effort was at the Buffalo International Fair in September, where, after winning the prize as a champion hunter, he succumbed to Moorehouse & Pepper's Roseberry in the high jump, after clearing 6 feet 4 inches. The two horses met again in Chicago in November, and amid the greatest excitement tied at the extraordinary height of 6 feet 10¼ inches, Ontario carrying nearly 40 pounds more than his antagonist.

The owners of Roseberry refused to jump off the tie, and the association gave to each horse the full value of the prize. Ontario was hunted the balance of the autumn and winter, and next appeared in public at the Boston Horse Show in April, 1890. He there won the prize for the highest jump made at the show, clearing 6 feet 8 inches, his rival Roseberry's best effort being 6 feet 3 inches. In his attempt to jump 7 feet for a five-hundred-dollar cup, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered, claiming he was too distressed to try, though three veterinary surgeons certified to his fitness. The association offered Mr. Howland the cup, claiming that they felt sure he would have won it but for the interference of the society. Mr. Howland, however, refused it, inasmuch as his horse had not actually cleared the 7 feet.

Anxious to prove that his horse could clear 7 feet, Mr. Howland, on May 18th, gave a public exhibition at the Washington Riding Academy of Ontario's jumping powers. After he had cleared a series of jumps from 4 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 8 inches, the top bar was placed at 7 feet, and a committee composed of a colonel in the regular army, one of the best-known judges in Washington, a member of the diplomatic corps and attaché of the State Department were asked to carefully measure and certify to the correctness of the measurement. On the first attempt the horse knocked down the two top bars, but on the second, cleared the whole 7 feet most beautifully, beating his own record and that of any horse in the world. He was ridden by the groom, James Freyling, who had previously ridden at Buffalo, Chicago, and Boston.

Ontario in disposition is remarkably well adapted to such exhibitions. Crowds, music, or the glare of lights never affect him. A refusal is a thing unknown to him, and no matter how bad the "take off" or how poor a start he has, he will always try to clear his jump. His sire, Sharpcatcher, seems to have the faculty of producing jumpers, for two of his get, Woodstock and Guelph, had already made reputations for themselves before Ontario's career began.

READING THE TREATY AT SAMOA.

On the 16th of April last the native rulers of Samoa met at Apia to consider the treaty entered into by Germany, England, and the United States in reference to the government of that island group. For several days before that date the chiefs were arriving in boats from all parts of the Samoan Islands. Among them were representatives from Tamasese's people in the districts of Lufilufi and Leulumoega. The principal chiefs and their followers arranged themselves in two lines in front of the King's residence, and the meeting begun with the presentation of a peace-offering of two large turtles by the King to the chiefs from Leulumoega. Then Pau, a chief of Savaii, spoke for two hours, addressing himself particularly to Tamasese's late followers. He reviewed the history of Samoa and the government which existed immediately before the war, emphatically condemning the manner in which the law was administered by the Brandeis-Tamasese government. He blamed the Tamasese people for getting foreigners to help them, saying that had the Germans kept out of it, the war would have lasted but a short time, and that in fighting the German sailors the Malietoa party had only defended themselves. The struggle between Samoans is finished, he said, and there must be no more quarrelling, but all will in the future be united under the new government.

Lemana, the representative of Tamasese's people in Lufilufi and Leulumoega, next addressed the meeting, reminding the first speaker that years ago an agreement was reached by which the islands were to be governed alternately by Malietoa and Tamasese, but that when Malietoa's term of kingship expired he refused to retire, and endeavored to remain in power seven years longer. Tamasese's people, he said, were not the beginners of the struggle which took place in August, 1888. It was Brandeis and the government that commenced it. Anae, an intelligent and well-informed chief of Savaii, formerly secretary to the Malietoa government, then came forward, having in his hand the translation of the treaty, which he read in a clear and distinct manner, expounding fully the meaning of every clause that might not be intelligible to many of the people present. This reading and exposition occupied a considerable time. The royal guard were formed into line, and as soon as Anae had finished reading the treaty, the King came forward to address the people.

"Many thanks must be rendered to God," he said, "for having afforded us the assistance of the three great powers in the noble scheme—the Samoan treaty—now laid before us." He thanked Lufilufi and Leulumoega for their reasonable submission, saying that in the matter of accepting the treaty he had expected some delay from that tribe, arising from the memory of the late struggle. Pau had described the situation truthfully and clearly, and he hoped that all might find prosperity and happiness in the future government. "Now, as you have all heard the treaty read out to you," he said, in conclusion, "I wish you to resume this assembly of good faith to-morrow morning, and let each man speak out his mind whether there is an article of this treaty disagreeable to his mind. May you long live and prosper by the grace of God!"

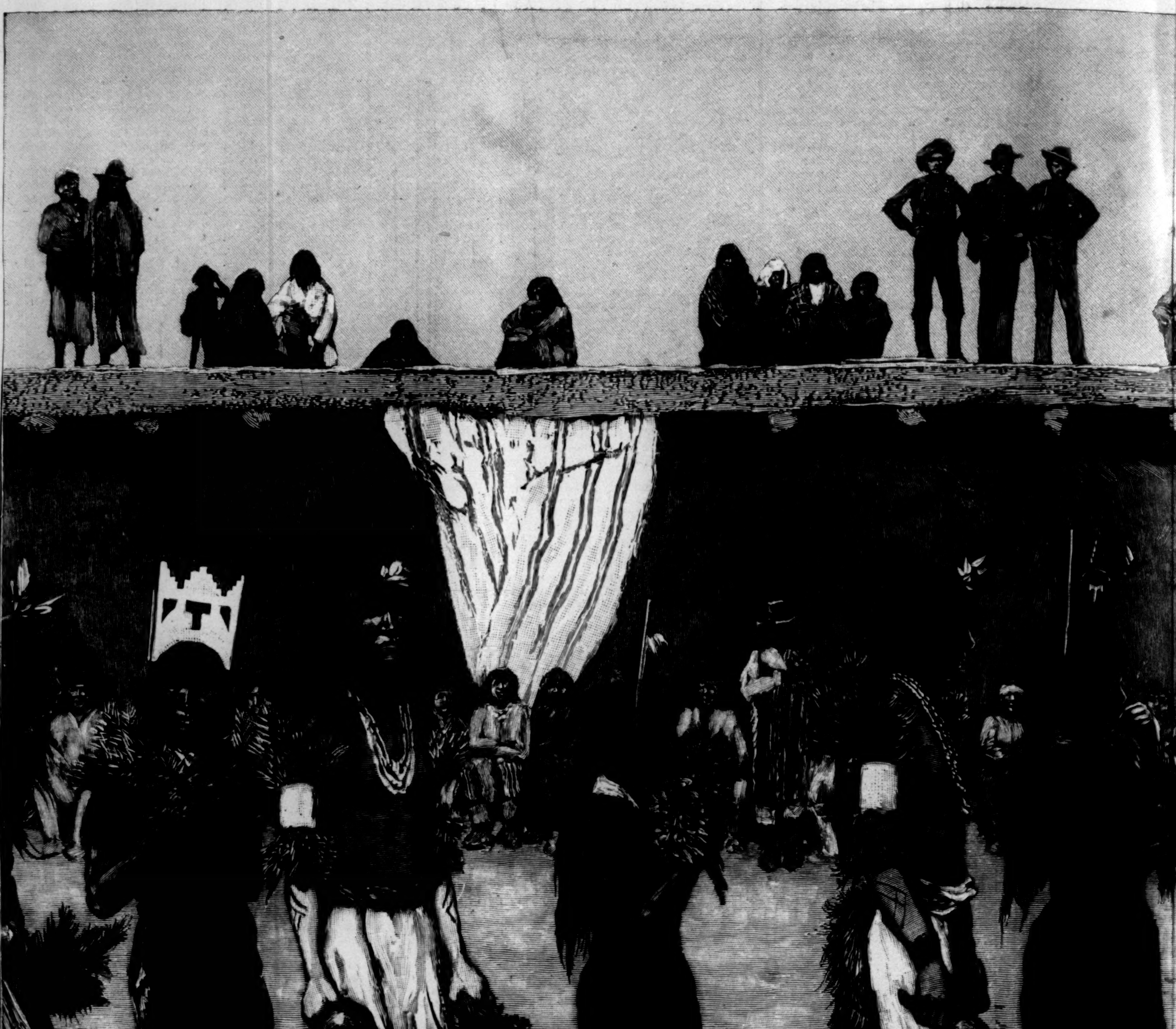
The adjourned meeting was held the next morning, occupying about an hour. Tuilaugi, representing Faasaleleaga, was the first to speak, followed by the representatives of Aana, Saluapatia, Tutuila, Tuamasaga, Molioo, Atua, and some others. Their speeches were short, and all approved of the treaty. On the afternoon of the following day delegations from Tutuila and Saimu, numbering four hundred natives in all, arrived in flotillas of six and eight boats respectively. Each party, with Malietoa's flag flying in front, came down the harbor, with men in the bows brandishing war clubs, singing, shouting, and leaping in the air. Forming into line, every man with a present of roast pig, taro, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, or fish on his shoulder, the delegations, each headed by its village belle—a stalwart handsome girl in native costume—marched, chanting songs as they went, to the Malo, where they deposited their presents, and warmly congratulated King Malietoa on again being firmly established on the throne of Samoa.

THE OLD REGIMENT.

Ask an old soldier where he has served, and his answer will invariably be, "With the old—th" infantry, cavalry, or artillery, as the case may be. Then perhaps he may tell you *where* he has served, whether in the hot sandy deserts of Arizona, or under the biting blasts of Dakota blizzards, whether under the dun canopy of sulphurous smoke at Gettysburg, or with the wild yell of the savage ringing in his ears at the "Big Hole"; but his first reply—which in his mind comprehends everything—will be, "With the old —th." The regiment is the home of his manhood's most glorious days, the memories of which stay with him throughout all the after-years of his existence, be he still a soldier or be he retired to a quieter field of action in civil life, and many a time his thoughts will turn with affectionate sympathy to those comrades in whose company he has fought and marched, with whom he has cracked his jokes and sometimes quarrelled, shared dangers and pleasures, the perils of the battle-field, and the routine of the garrison. Mutually dependent upon one another by the very nature of their occupation and of the stern discipline that controls their lives, the friendships formed by soldiers among themselves are strong, pure, and unselfish as human nature will permit of, and the representation of this mutual dependence on one another, this comradeship that will lead them to do and dare together, to suffer together, to die together, is embodied in the number embroidered on the silken folds of the regimental colors.

And the women of the regiment? Ah! they too share the glory of the old —th, from the matronly, soft-voiced, pleasant-faced wife of the commanding officer, to the buxom, faithful, hard-working partner of the humble private—the laundress. How many a time have they opened wide the hospitable doors of their houses to the stranger among them! How often, with tear-bright eyes and trembling, proud voices, told him of what the —th had done, and how they too share together in their feminine way the joys and privations of military life! And which is the harder to bear, think you—the hardships and dangers of the men in active service at the front, or the fears and hopes, the dread suspense and sickening anxiety, of their women left behind at the lonely frontier post from whence the regiment has marched to its duty?

The writer once lay in camp in the wilds of one of the Territories with a famous regiment of cavalry. We were not far from a railroad recently constructed, and the news came one day that the General in command of the department would visit the camp on a certain date. This officer had formerly commanded the regiment as Colonel, and had left it for other tours of duty some years before; but the memory of his soldierly qualities, his strict adherence to duty, his undaunted courage in the presence of danger, as well as of the goodness and kindly tact of the gracious lady, his wife, was strong in the breasts of the command, and it was this feeling—far more than the respect to be paid to the general officer—that prompted the officers to ride out from the camp in a body to meet and welcome their old comrade and commander. And later in the day, as he sat out there on his horse on the broad prairie, and bared his head in response to the lowering of the yellow standard and the bright flashing of the long line of sabres presented in salute, his stern soldier features softened and his eyes lightened as he saw once more before him the familiar weather-beaten blue uniforms and bronzed faces of the men of the old regiment.



INDIAN "TABLET DANCE" AT SANTO DOMINGO, NEW MEXICO.—DR

—Drawn by H. F. Farny after a Photograph by C. F. Lummis.—[See Page 447.]

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.

"BUT if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be! I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son—a man-child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan Mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning—till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dowry? I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou will never cease to love me now? Answer, my king."

"Never—never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log*—the white women of thy own blood—love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred, I have seen the moon, and—then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then, with an assumption of great stateliness: "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart—if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was sitting on a low red-lacquered couch in a room furnished only with a blue and white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and she a Mussulman's daughter, bought two years before from her mother, who, being left without money, would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart. But even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her and the withered hag her mother he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found, when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the court-yard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking places, the distance from the daily market, and matters of house-keeping in general, that the house was to him his home. Any one could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer court-yard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him, he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to this kingdom a third person, whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say, "then he will never care for the white *mem-log*. I hate them all—I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother, "but, by the blessing of God, that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty in the place of a man who was watching by the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said, slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me—unless, indeed, I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work, and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done I believe.... nay, I am sure. And—and then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me forever. The train goes to-night—at midnight, is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning! Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white *mem-log!* Come back to me swiftly, my life!"

As he left the court-yard to reach his horse that was tethered to the gate-post, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral, Holden went away by the night mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence, his work for the state was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper toward his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home, and, torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate, and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, Protector of the Poor, but—" He held out his shaking hand, as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the court-yard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway, and he heard a pin-pointed wail that sent all the blood into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of her mother, tremulous with old age and pride: "We be two women and—the—man—thy—son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah! ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look! Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest, then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachheri*" (little woman).

"Well said, for there is a bond and a heel-rope [*peecharee*] between us now that nothing can break. Look—canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit—no, a trooper of the Queen. And, my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest."

"Then do not go. Sit by my side here—so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kicking me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe! And he is ours to us—thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head, but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters."

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

"He is of the Faith," said Ameera; "for lying here in the night-watches I whispered the Call to Prayer and the Profession of Faith into his ears. And it is most marvellous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life; but he can almost grip with his hands."

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

"Get hence, sahib," said her mother, under her breath. "It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still."

"I go," said Holden, submissively. "Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs."

The chink of the silver roused Ameera. "I am his mother, and no hireling," she said, weakly. "Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money? Mother, give it back. I have borne my lord a son."

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the court-yard very softly, with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight.

"This house is now complete," he said, and without further comment thrust into Holden's hands the hilt of a sabre worn many years ago, when Pir Khan served the Queen in the police. The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well kerb.

"There be two," said Pir Khan—"two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money; and since there is no birth party assembled, their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, sahib. 'Tis an ill-balanced sabre at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds."

"And why?" said Holden, bewildered.

"For the birth sacrifice. What else? Otherwise the child, being unguarded from fate, may die. The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said."

Holden had learned them once, with little thought that he would ever say them in earnest. The touch of the cold sabre hilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child upstairs—the child that was his own son—and a dread of loss filled him.

"Strike!" said Pir Khan. "Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now! With a drawing cut!"

Hardly knowing what he did, Holden cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs: "Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin." The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spirted over Holden's riding-boots.

"Well smitten!" said Pir Khan, wiping the sabre. "A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, heaven born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the Presence live a thousand years, and.... the flesh of the goats is all mine?"

Pir Khan drew back richer by a month's pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle, and rode off through the low-hanging wood smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed toward no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. "I never felt like this in my life," he thought. "I'll go to the club and pull myself together."

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice,

"'In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet.'"

"Did you?" said the club secretary from his corner. "Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet? Great goodness, man, it's blood!"

"Bosh!" said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. "May I cut in? It's dew. I've been riding through high crops. My faith! my boots are in a mess, though!

"'And if it be a girl, she shall wear a wedding-ring;
And if it be a boy, he shall fight for his king;
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck—'"

"Yellow on blue—green next player," said the marker, monotonously.

"'He shall walk the quarter-deck.'—am I green, marker?—'he shall walk the quarter-deck'—ouch! that's a bad shot!—'as his daddy used to do!'"

"I don't see that you have anything to crow about," said a zealous junior civilian, acidly. "The government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders."

"Does that mean a wigging from headquarters?" said Holden, with an abstracted smile. "I think I can stand it."

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh subject of each man's work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark, empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

II.

"How old is he now?"

"*Ya illah!* What a man's question! He is all but six weeks' old; and on this night I go up to the house-top with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday under the sign of the Sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved?"

"There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars—but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud."

"The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels."

"Thou hast forgotten the best of all."

"Ai! *Ours.* He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies."

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin, with a small skull-cap on his head. Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin, as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments, but since they were Holden's gift, and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

"They are happy down there," said Ameera. "But I do not think that they are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white *mem-log* are as happy. And thou?"

"I know they are not."

"How dost thou know?"

"They give their children over to the nurses."

"I have never seen that," said Ameera, with a sigh; "nor do I wish to see. Ahi!"—she dropped her head on Holden's shoulder—"I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life. He is counting too."

The baby was staring with round eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden's arms, and he lay there without a cry.

"What shall we call him among ourselves?" she said. "Look! Art thou ever tired of looking? He carries thy very eyes! But the mouth—"

"Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I?"

"'Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away."

"Nay, let him lie; he has not yet begun to cry."

"When he cries, thou wilt give him back, eh? What a man of mankind thou art! If he cried, he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him?"

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

"There is the answer," said Holden. "Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready, he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy—in the Mussulman tongue, is it not?"

"Why put me so far off?" said Ameera, fretfully. "Let it be like unto some English name—but not wholly. For he is mine."

"Then call him Tota, for that is likest English."

"Ay, Tota! and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago; but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota—our Tota to us. Hearest thou, O small one? Littlest, thou art Tota."

She touched the child's cheek, and he, waking, wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed him with the wonderful rhyme of "*Aré koko, Ja ré koko!*" which says:

"Oh, crow! Go crow! Baby's sleeping sound,
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *Baba*—only a penny a pound."

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek white well-bullocks in the court-yard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police sabre across his knees, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower veranda, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

"I have prayed," said Ameera, after a long pause, with her chin in her hand—"I have prayed for two things. First, that I may die in thy stead, if thy death is demanded; and in the second, that I may die in the place of the child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam.* Thinkest thou either will hear?"

"From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word?"

"I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard?"

"How can I say? God is very good."

"Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die or the child dies, what is thy fate? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log*, for kind calls to kind."

"Not always."

"With a woman, no. With a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know."

"Will it be paradise?"

"Surely; for what God would harm thee? But we two—I and the child—shall be elsewhere, and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things; but now I think of them perpetually. It is very hard talk."

"It will fall as it will fall. To-morrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well. Surely we are happy now."

"So happy that it were well to make our

* The Virgin Mary.

happiness assured. And thy Beebee Miriam should listen to me; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me— It is not seemly for men to worship a woman."

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

"Is it not seemly? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then?"

"Thou a worshipper! And of me! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See!"

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet; recovering herself with a little laugh, she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely:

"Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women?"

"They marry as do others—when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman—aging every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and— Those *mem-log* remain young forever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, gray-headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years, thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou, at least, art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down stairs, laughing, in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled, after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-colored godling and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera—happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work, with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera—Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota: how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose, which was manifestly a miracle; how, later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead onto the floor, and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his councils—the well-bullocks, the little gray squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun.* Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and rumpled, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird, cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life; and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half, and Tota the other." Mian Mittu, with careful beak, took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly, with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am gray-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt—which, with a magic square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing—he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan, and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse. He had seen his mother's mother chaffering with peddlers in the veranda. Pir Khan wept, set the untried feet on his own gray head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening, while he sat on the roof between his father and mother, watching the never-ending warfare of the kites that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own, with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself; and when Holden called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly, in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum 'park nahin hai. Hum admi hai.*" (I am no spark, but a man.)

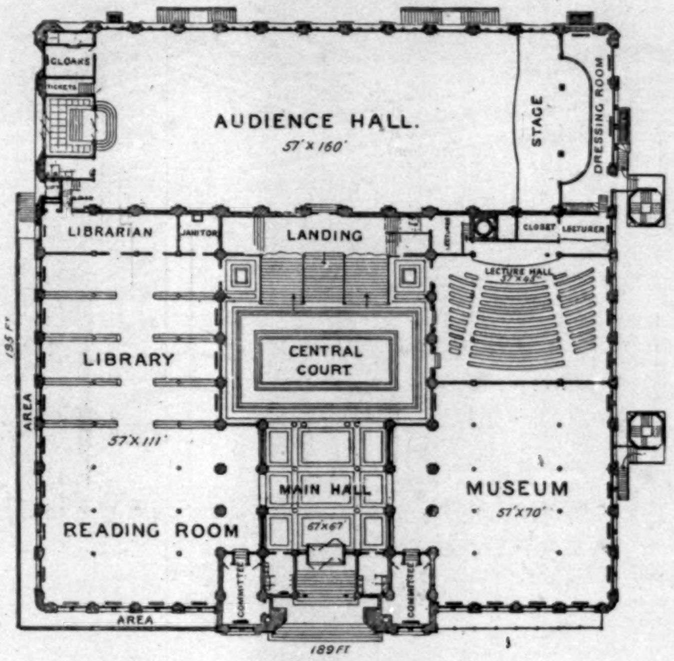
The protest made Holden choke, and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future.

He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away, as many things are taken away in India; suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains, who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall, and would have flung herself down the well in the garden, had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight, and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Solomon and Plato.



THE DREXEL INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

Industrial training is the order of the day. It is the latest "fad" in education, if one may be allowed to use that word in connection with such a subject. The old course of study in the public schools is not satisfactory. It provides no training for the hand and the eye. It is not "practical" enough to suit the average citizen, who by "practical" means money-producing. Industrial training, it is thought, will prepare boys and girls to make a living when they come out of school.

It is a noteworthy fact that this subject of industrial training has been taken up by well-educated people, who do not regard schooling as valuable simply for the knowledge it imparts that is immediately applicable to money-making. Superintendent MacAllister in Philadelphia, the Public Education Society in New York, Principal Woodward in St. Louis, and even the Board of Education in New York, have recognized, in providing for a certain amount of industrial training in school, that it should be merely one feature of the course, and should be so taught as rather to be a means of general training than an acquirement of purely technical skill.

The scheme of instruction to be pursued in the Drexel Industrial Institute, although the details of it have not yet been elaborated, will be general, and not purely technical. The purpose of the "regular" course will be to give to young persons who have received a grammar-school education such technical instruction as will enable them to learn trades easily, at the same time affording them instruction in mathematics, book-keeping, physics, chemistry, and English. There will be special classes also for older pupils, which will be purely technical, but to enter which the pupils must have a good foundation in the ordinary English branches.

The building for the Institute is at the northeast corner of Thirty-second and Chestnut streets, and occupies three sides of a square. It is near the Powelton Avenue station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and not far from the Twenty-fourth Street station of the Baltimore and Ohio, and there are several lines of street cars within easy walking distance. The building is to be about 200 feet square and three stories in height, fronting on Chestnut Street. The outside will be mainly of a light buff brick, with terra-cotta ornamentation.

The special feature of the interior is a large central hall, nearly 100 feet square, and reaching to a glass roof on the ceiling line of the third floor. From the northern or rear end of this hall a grand marble stairway leads to the upper floors. Broad galleries run around the inside court on the second and third floors, giving entrance to the various rooms, all of which are lighted from the outside.

On the first floor are the museum, 56 by 70 feet; the library, 56 by 70 feet; and reading-room, 56 by 40; a small lecture hall, 40 by 56; and, distinct from other parts of the building, the great lecture hall, 56 by 154 feet, which will seat about 2000 people. The floor of this hall slopes downward from the entrance on Thirty-second Street to the rear or eastern end, where the stage is placed, thus allowing sufficient height to the ceiling without carrying that above the level of the second floor.

There are twenty-four class-rooms in the building, amply provided with cloak-rooms, wash-rooms, etc., and as each of these will contain, on the average, at least 100 pupils, there will be room for 2400 in the building at once.

In the middle of the front on the top floor is the gymnasium, a room about 60 feet square, which will, of course, be fitted up with all necessary appliances. Special attention has been paid to heating, lighting, and ventilation. Steam heat and electric lights will be used throughout. There will be 1700 incandescent lamps. The interior wood-work will be of oak.

The building, for the construction of which contracts have recently been signed, is expected to be ready for occupation in September, 1891. Its cost is estimated at about $500,000. The donor, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, of the well-known banking house, expects to provide, also, an endowment fund of $1,000,000 to keep the Institute in permanent operation.

THE TABLET DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO.

Of the annual festival held in the various towns of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, that at Santo Domingo on the 4th of August is one of the most important. Among the Pueblos, Santo Domingo, about thirty miles southwest of Sante Fe, on the bank of the Rio Grande, is one of the largest. The river in time of freshet menaces the town, and many years ago, during a flood, it changed its channel, engulfing about half the town. The inhabitants thus dispossessed built their residences on higher ground to the east of the old village, so that Santo Domingo is really a double village, with two distinct kinds of aboriginal architecture—the old, in which the houses are two stories high, terrace-shaped, and entered from the roof; and the new, in which the one-story houses have doors and windows.

Each division of the village has its own estufa, or circular underground council-chamber. For several days preceding the festival, Indians from the other Pueblos of New Mexico and the Navajo country gather in the town. Feathers are an important feature of the ceremonial, and several parrots kept in the village are mercilessly plucked of their plumage to decorate the dancers. For the greater part of the night before the festival the town is awake, the men performing their ancient dances in the estufas, and the women whitewashing the fronts of the houses, while from time to time cavalcades of horsemen from the surrounding country arrive in town.

At earliest dawn the people are at work sweeping the streets and plazas. During the morning many visitors arrive—Indians, Mexicans, and Americans—in carriages and wagons, on horses and burros and on foot, until the house-tops are covered. Mexican ladies in brilliant flowered silks and swarthy Indians in superb Navajo blankets help to adorn the crowded level roofs with a bouquet-like effect of rich color. Immediately after mass the dancers begin to array themselves; and precisely at noon, from the summit of the estufa in the old town, they appear in procession, men and women, to the number of more than a hundred. With them are men who play on tomtoms, and one of them thumps a drum made of a hollow cotton-wood log covered with a skin. A chorus of men sing verses with a refrain, which accompany the dance, and by degrees work themselves into a frenzy of excitement. At the head of the procession a man bears a standard fifteen feet high, surmounted by long orange-colored feathers and an aboriginal banner of embroidered buckskin trimmed with feathers. The men, who are painted brown and white, wear a white tunic with an embroidered stripe on each side. A fox or coyote skin hangs behind, tail downward, and a bunch of green cedar sprigs is tied on the left arm. They wear moccasins, and gaudy garters are tied about their naked calves. Their uncovered loose flying hair is adorned in front with parrot feathers. Cedar sprigs encircle their bodies from shoulders to waist, and rattles of tortoise-shell and sheeps' toes hang at the rear of the right knee. They carry in the right hand small painted gourds filled with corn, which they rattle.

The women are dressed in a dark blue single garment, consisting of a double blanket reaching to the knee. The corners are caught over one shoulder, the garment passing beneath the other arm, leaving the left arm and shoulder, and upper part of the left breast exposed, and most of the right arm; it is fastened with a wide red embroidered sash around the waist. Their long black hair, carefully prepared by washing with amole—soap-root—hangs straight down behind, shining like jet. Their cheeks are painted vermilion, and they carry a bunch of green cedar in the left hand. Upon their heads is the wooden head-dress or *tabla* of thin board, fifteen inches high, pea green or sky blue in color, with three figures cut out of each in the shape of a crescent, cross, square, and letter T; its serrated top is painted red and yellow, and its corners are decorated with eagle down. The women are bare-legged and barefooted, and each carries a bunch of cedar in her left hand. The procession moves slowly into the church plaza. The dance comprises a great number of beautiful figures, displaying more variety than Indian dances in general, and it is executed with much precision and grace.

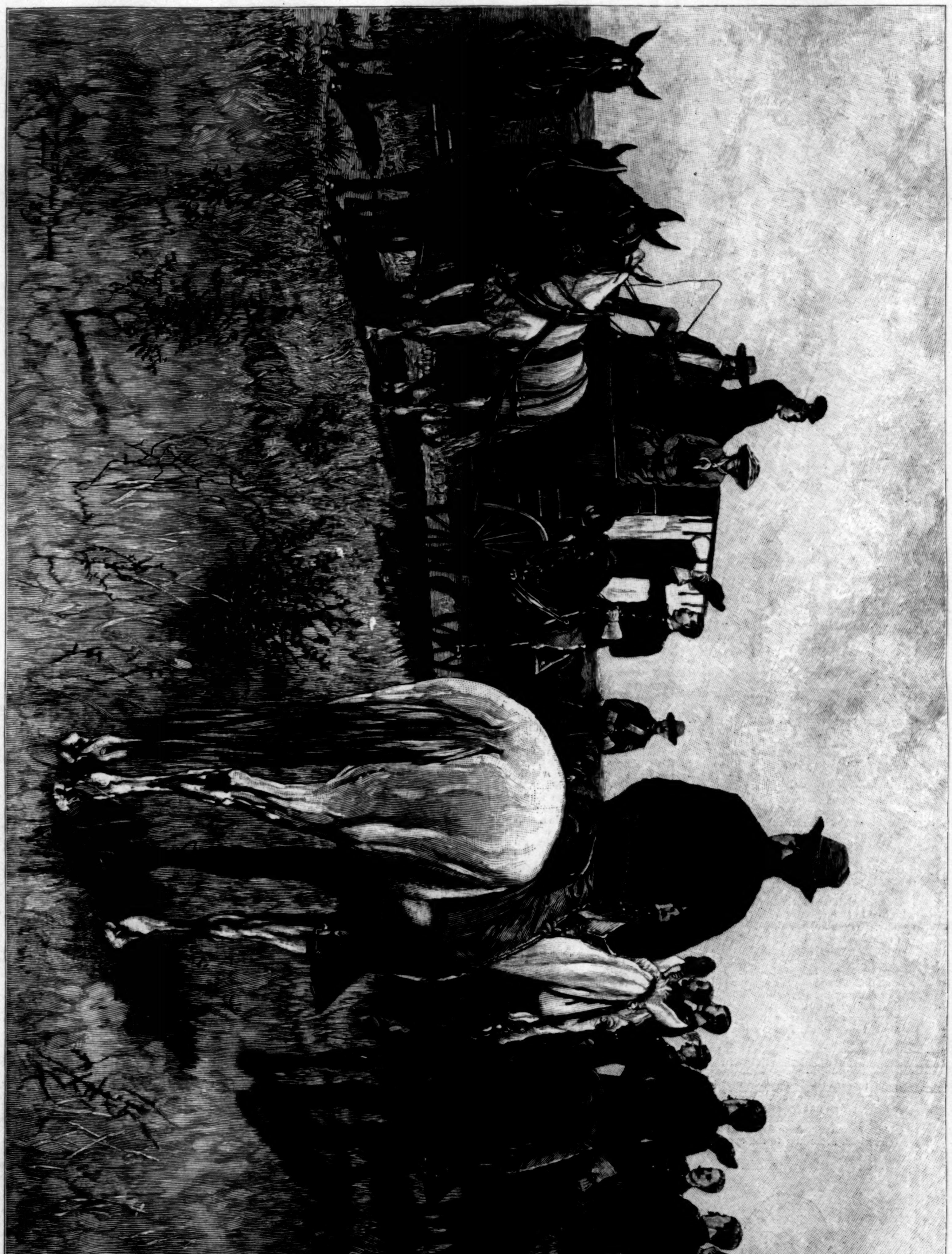
At the end of an hour a procession emerges from the estufa in the new town; it is similar in character to the first, except that the men are painted blue instead of brown, and the feathers on the women's *tablas* are white. As the new-comers begin their dance, the other procession retires for a season to rest, and thereafter the two parties alternate in performance throughout the day. The Indian clowns, waving small wands of cottonwood branches, rush about hither and thither, naked, except for breech cloths, their bodies, limbs, faces, striped black and white, and tortoise-shells clanking at the right knee. They wear a circle of cedar sprigs at their ankles and waists, and their hair is tied up with corn shucks. As the procession makes the circuit of the plaza, the dancers bending forward go at the bounding half-trot that characterize Indian dances. In front of the church they face each other, preserving the same step, turn round and round in place for several moments, make a few evolutions, and march away in single file, each girl falling in behind her male partner, and all giving a farewell howl as they leave.

On a temporary altar in a spacious pavilion erected in the main plaza is a wooden statue of Saint Dominick, brought from Spain nearly two centuries ago. Through the day the people come to say their prayers before the saint, and to bring offerings of candles, corn, melons, bread, and baskets of plums. About the middle of the afternoon the whole body of dancers and singers march to the pavilion, where each Indian files in turn before the image of Saint Dominick. The men bow, and the women three times cross themselves, the more devoted of them kissing the garments of the saint.

Late in the afternoon there are games and races in the outskirts of the town, which many of the people and visitors attend. The favorite sport is the cruel one of the gallineros, or chicken pullers, in which men try, while at full gallop, to catch by the head a fowl whose body is buried in the earth. But thousands of spectators continue to cover the house-tops and crowd the plazas where the ceremonial dances are still in progress, and they remain to view the picturesque and brilliant sight until darkness shuts down upon the scene. The dance is a very ancient one, and the costumes are a perpetuation of those worn by the prehistoric ancestors of the Pueblos. The ceremonial probably partakes of the character of the cochina, the heathen religious dance so abominated by the early Spanish missionaries; and it is certain that on this occasion a great many heathen rites are mixed with their celebration of the day of good Saint Dominick.

THE DREXEL INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES H. STEPHENS AFTER THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

READING THE TREATY WITH SAMOA TO THE KING—THE KING IN THE CHAIR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 443.]



MEETING WITH THE OLD REGIMENT.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 448.]

NEW YORK LODGING-HOUSES.

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE.

That portion of the world which knows not how the other portion lives knows least of all about their lodging-places. The lack of a roof is usually the extreme pain of poverty, and can never be appreciated by those who have not felt it; and it is almost as hard for one who has not seen them to realize the bareness of those accommodations which the very poor seek as the only alternative to all-night exposure.

In the great population of the metropolis there is an army of homeless men. They are brought to extremes by bad fortune, disaster, drink, crime, and sometimes by age, but nearly all of them are able to get from day to day a little money—it may be by honest work, or by thieving or beggary—and for such men there are some three hundred lodging-houses in the city. They are really hotels of the plainest and poorest type, and furnish little more than bare shelter to transient guests, though many of the "transients" are regular customers, and even hire their rooms by the week. These houses have a capacity of from 50 to 500 guests, and when full, as they often are in the winter, probably accommodate 25,000 persons.

THE OFFICE OF THE LODGING-HOUSE.

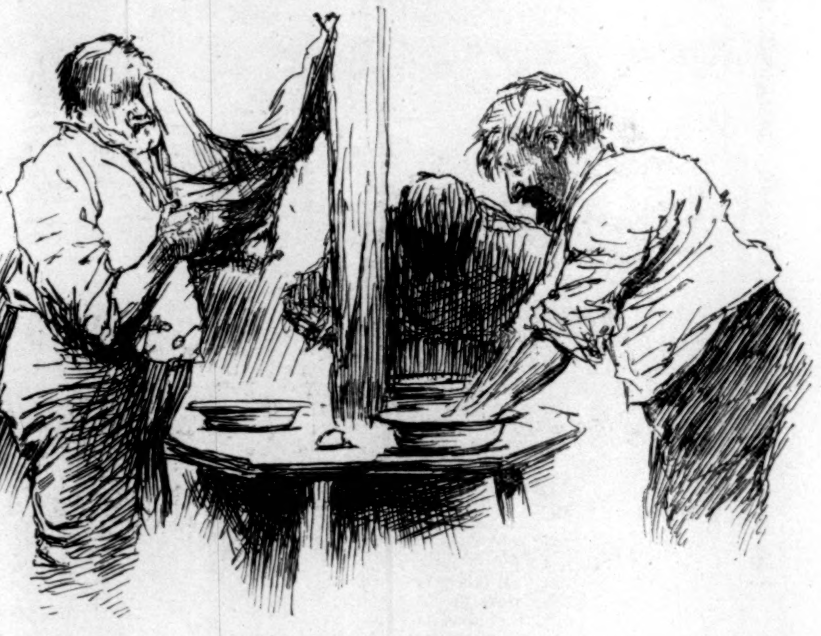
A rough estimate—probably a fairly accurate one—has been made that one-third of these persons are criminals and beggars. One-eighth or more are constant drunkards. Probably one-quarter, equally divided, are men who are out of work and honestly in search of it, and those who have work, but earn only starvation wages. There is a proportion of small peddlers, of tramps, of hopelessly broken-down men, and there are a few who live in these houses on account of parsimony. These are very few, for one who can afford better will seldom endure the life of a lodger for any time.

In the winter, for obvious reasons, trade is at its best in the lodging-houses. It is not seldom difficult to get shelter in one of them; but in summer the professional tramp goes to the country, and the drunkard or the poverty-stricken man sleeps out-of-doors—it may be on a bench in the Park, or it may be in an areaway.

The patrons of these houses have learned how to support life on the minimum. They can get shelter for five cents a night, and enough to eat—barely enough, that is—for seven or eight cents a day. With less than this one must go hungry or shelterless. Not all the lodging-houses, however, are so cheap as this. Prices vary from five cents to thirty cents a night, according to the accommodations. The cheapest consist of large rooms—almost halls—filled with cots or "shake-downs," these latter being thin mattresses thrown on the bare floors. The better class, where twenty or thirty cents is the price, offers to each customer a separate room. This is a mere subdivision of a large room, and is made by board partitions about seven feet high. The "rooms" are about ten feet long by five in width, and each contains a cot, a chair, and half a dozen hooks on which clothing may be hung. There is also, in a case of greatest excellence, a little closet, perhaps one foot by two in dimensions, in which the lodger may lock up his clothing for extra safety. In such a case he will probably put the key into his stocking, and keep his stocking on when he goes to sleep.

In no case will he keep any portable property in his room that can be left with the clerk. The wire netting that is stretched over the top of his "room," and the slender lock on his door, are poor protection against the thieves who he knows are probably among his fellow-lodgers. The rule of the house that valuables are all to be left with the clerk is therefore always obeyed cheerfully. Few articles of great intrinsic value come into his hands, but mechanics who lodge with him often leave their tools, of very great value to them.

The bedding in these rooms is of the cheapest, consisting of a mattress and pillow stuffed with "excelsior," two sheets, and a cotton coverlid, cheaper and cleaner than a blanket. There is no covering to the bare floor; but this is far from being a drawback, as it greatly facilitates the cleanliness which is insisted on by the proprietors of the place no less strenuously than by the Board of Health. The most relentless warfare is waged against the dirt, vermin, and disease germs that naturally accumulate in such places, and soap, water, and powerful disinfectants are used prodigally. Walls and floors are flooded by the use of hose, bedlinen is washed twice or thrice a week at the least, oftener daily, and in many of the rooms the crystals of disinfectants that have dried on the walls sparkle like the side of a shaft in a salt-mine.

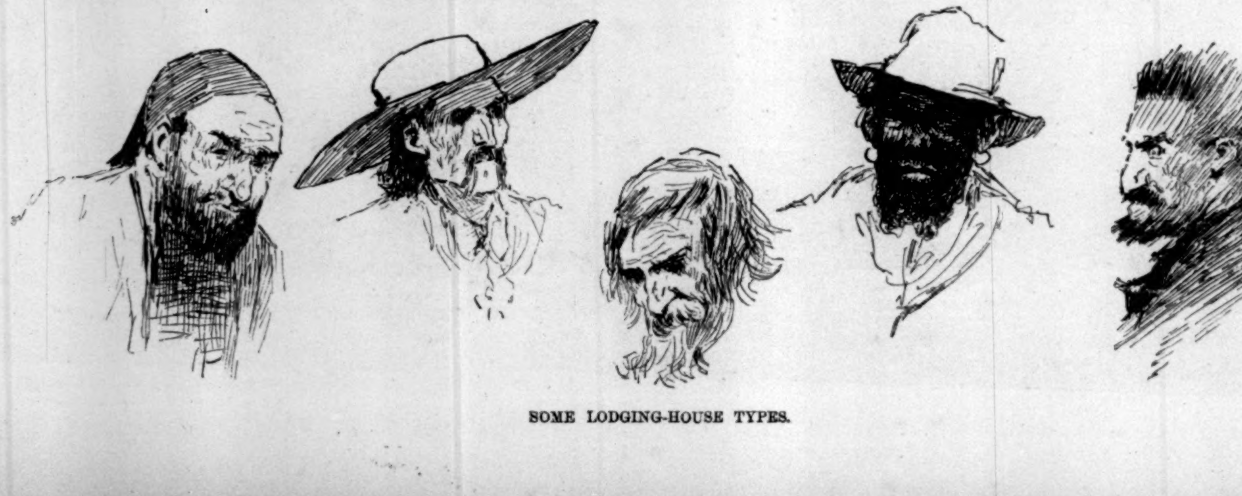


THE WASH-ROOM.

Few of the lodging-houses have bath-rooms, but each has a lavatory, in which are from two to a dozen wash hand-basins, where the lodgers may perform their toilets. Strong laundry soap and rough roller towels are provided, and the customer is easily able, if he so desires, to maintain at least the appearance of cleanliness. In one of these cheap lodging-houses, which is maintained by a charitable society, the price of a night's lodging includes the privilege of a bath at night, and coffee and a roll in the morning. It may be remarked that this is not a popular house.

The regulations are few and simple. Guests are usually admitted at any hour, but the lights in the halls and dormitories (none is allowed in the individual rooms) are lowered or extinguished at 9 P.M., and at 10 P.M., in most cases, the reading-room, which is a feature of the better houses, is darkened. At a fixed hour in the morning, varying, according to the season and the house, from 6 to 10 A.M., the guests are aroused. If they do not arise at the summons, they are, in the poorer houses, either rolled out of bed on to the floor, or a stream of water from the hose is directed at them. In some places a guest is allowed to remain in bed as long as he chooses, but if he so remain after the rising hour, he is charged for another night's lodging. Exceptions are made in favor of printers and other night workmen, who come in at 4 or 5 A.M., and are allowed to sleep till 5 P.M.

The business of keeping these houses, small as the prices are, is a lucrative one. One man, a pioneer in the business, is said to have accumulated half a million dollars in it. The proprietors are usually responsible men



SOME LODGING-HOUSE TYPES.

A DETECTIVE ARRESTING A LODGER.

of fair character, from a police stand-point at least, and though they are watched by the police, generally keep on good terms with the captain of the precinct. They never shelter thieves from pursuit, at least when they believe the police to have definite information, and they strive to stand well in the records of the Board of Health. There are, however, numerous ugly stories told of the manner in which, at the bidding of political candidates, they influence votes at the elections, and even provide illegal voters in considerable numbers. There is also an arrangement very commonly made between the proprietor of the lodging-house and the saloon-keeper, who occupies the ground-floor in most cases, that is far from creditable. Drunken men from the saloon are very commonly taken as lodgers at a reduced rate, in consideration of free drinks to the lodging-house keeper and his clerks. It is the modern expression of the classic London sign: "Drunk for sixpence. Dead drunk for a shilling, and straw to lie on thrown in."

The houses, as said, are kept clean. They are also well ventilated and warmed in winter, and are, in a rude way, comfortable shelters, excepting for the company. The scene in one of them at two or three o'clock in the morning is gloomy and almost grewsome. There is only a very dim light, and though the lodgers are prohibited from walking about, they toss restlessly on their beds. Many are talking in their sleep. Drunkards here and there are snoring or struggling with incipient delirium tremens. Occasionally some wakeful sinner is moaning, and even crying aloud with expressions of remorse. Through it all, however, tired men sleep, undisturbed even by the occasional visit of a detective in search of a thief, or, as is not uncommon, the call of some distracted parent in search of a wayward son. It is at least a shelter for weary men till daybreak rouses them to another struggle with fate.

AFTER A NIGHT'S LODGING.

THE LITERARY WEALTH OF ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

In kind and character the Assyrian literature is unique, differing from all others on the globe. It is engraven on bricks, prisms, and cylinders of clay; on slabs of alabaster and marble; on statues, obelisks, and colossal balls; and, above all, on clay tablets of every shape and form, upon which, when soft, the wedges were pressed, and the "literary document" was then dried in the sun. No people could have chosen a more substantial material for preserving their thoughts for coming ages than did the Assyrians and Babylonians, for even the breaking of a tablet or brick does not necessarily bring with it the loss of the inscription. Even such important documents as the Babylonian account of the creation and the deluge have been reconstructed chiefly by putting together again parts of bricks which were found broken in the ruins of the libraries. The literature that has been discovered already far exceeds the compass of the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures. And yet it is growing constantly. Not only is the American expedition at work near Nippur, and systematic excavations are also being made at Tello, whence Sarzec, in 1882, secured the collection now in the Louvre, and where only recently a number of exceedingly old bricks, clay cones, and cylinder seals with peculiar Arabic signs have been unearthed. The Arabs on the ground have also learned the value of these remains. For years there has been an active trade in Babylonian antiquities, especially in clay tablets and cylinders, often of the highest scientific value, which have been dug up by the Arabs, and purchased in the East or in Europe, for museums in London, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere.

The contents of this literature are of varied character and value. Texts of many hundred lines record with full details the wars of Assyrian and Babylonian kings, their buildings, their hunting expeditions, and unfold almost the very minutiæ of the politics, culture, civilization, antiquities—public and private—the geography, etc., not only of Babylonia and Assyria, but also of the neighboring people of western Asia. Then there are chronological lists and records of every sort, such as eponym lists, chronicles, synchronous histories, tables of kings, etc., which enable us to fix the dates of individual dynasties and monarchies as accurately as we know the different dynasties of Egypt, and which are also valuable aids in settling the vexed problem of Old Testament chronology, as a number of Israelitish kings are mentioned, and the dealings with the rulers of Assyria and Babylonia described in these documents. Indeed, we have unimpeachable chronological data dating back into the fourth millenium before Christ. Of other kinds of literature we have prayers and psalms, legends of the gods, a mythology as extensive as that of Homer, stories of the creation and the flood, lists of the gods and exorcisms of varied contents, a great epic in twelve books, curious lists of secret remedies, oracular deliverances, and calendars, astrological tablets, as also purely scientific, mathematical, and astronomical works, then long lists of words from the same or a similar stem, or having the same or a similar idiogram, lists of synonyms, of the names of occupations, persons, stars, animals, plants, clothes, wooden instruments and utensils, paradigms, collections of signs, such as were used by the priest schools, farther letters and contrast tablets, reports of generals and astronomers, proclamations and petitions, deeds of purchase and sale of every description, marriage certificates, bequests, wills, house inventories, receipts, etc., revealing the social life of Assyria and Babylonia.

A PUZZLER.

UNCLE SAM. "Waal, by thunder! I guess it 'll kinder rattle the boys some ter find eout which part of yer is artist an' which part artisan."

STREET SCENE IN KANSAS CITY.

The characteristic feature of the Kansas City street scene on another page is not the photographic exactness of the view, nor yet the inevitable group of moving people at the "Junction" at the foot of the hill. It is more than anything else the yellowish white glare of sunshine that pours down from the smoky sky, and makes a mirror of the unsheltered pavement. The artist has so thoroughly mastered the local feeling of the neighborhood that one who is at all familiar with Kansas City will see at a glance that the time of the picture is about half past two o'clock on an afternoon late in May. The tinge of smoke in the sky is rising from the railway yards and the big packing-houses down on the river-bottom, and the fresh breeze is spreading it over the city like a veil. The sun had not yet grown sufficiently fervid to drive people out of the street and bring out all the awnings, but it is brilliant enough to give a hint of hotter days to come later in the season. There are some rather hot afternoons in Kansas City during the summer, and the "Junction" is probably as hot as any spot in the place. In looking at the high lights of this picture one is likely to remember some particularly breathless summer afternoon down there at the foot of the Ninth Street hill, when the eyes were pained by the glare of the sun, and the feet were all but blistered on pavements from which the heat seemed to arise in waves. Kansas City is not advertised as a summer resort, however; nor do people go there in July and August when they can just as well go to the Rocky Mountains or the shores of Lake Superior.

NEXT.

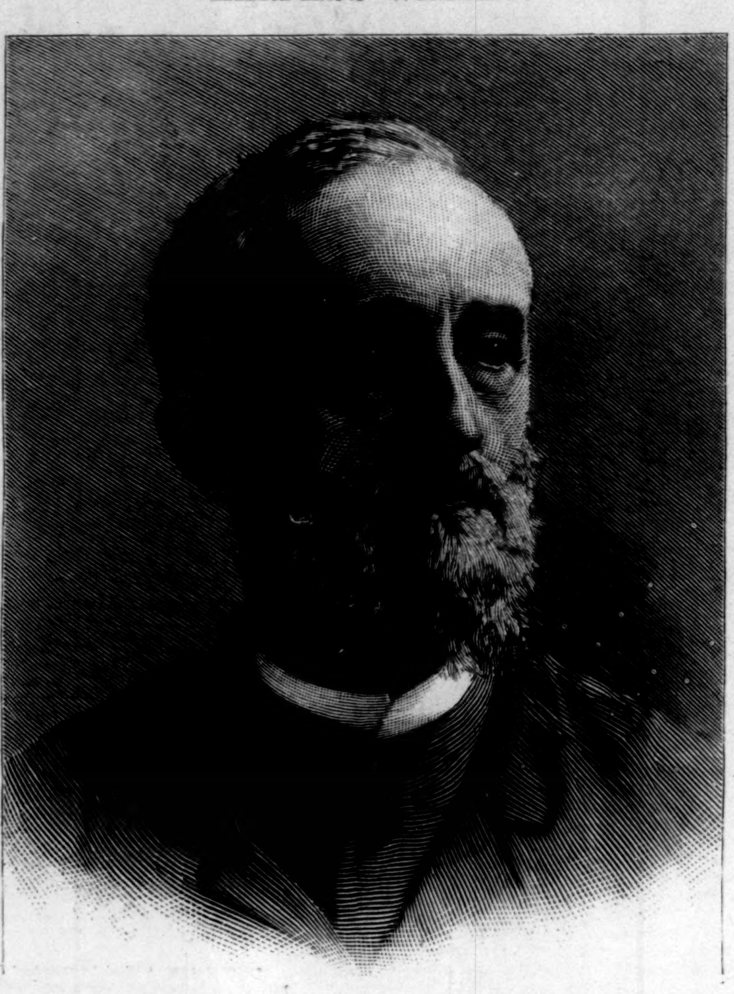
FOUR DAYS AND ICEBERG PROOF. (Passengers by this line will experience no inconvenience or other than pleasant sensations meeting with ice, and are assured of a four days' passage, or money refunded.)

It is merely a place where men acquire money very rapidly in the transaction of business. When a man is doing a good business he can endure a hot afternoon now and then. People do not go West and build towns just for the sake of climate.

In addition to its local color, the picture shows in a striking way the rapid improvement in Kansas City during the past few years. The long-haired person in the left foreground, who has probably come up from the Southwest with a train-load of cattle, is no doubt wondering in a dazed way just where those huge new buildings and those remarkable cable roads came from. They were not there on his last visit, and it seems incredible that a place should grow so much in so short a time. His wonder is shared by most people who have been passing through Kansas City now and then for the past seven years. Only a few years ago the little four-story building at the foot of the hill was one of the finest blocks in the place, but although it is still an important and valuable piece of property, it is dwarfed by the huge insurance building just beyond it, and other tall structures in the neighborhood. Nearly all of these larger buildings have been put up within the past two years.

It is a pity that such a fine and prosperous city should not have a better site, but the original settlers, who built a few unpretentious frame houses at the steam-boat landing below the bluff, failed to take into consideration the possibility that their humble settlement might some day climb the bluff and cover the outlying hills. As shown in the picture, the cable railway has been put to good use in carrying people up and down these hills. The Ninth Street hill is in reality somewhat steeper than the perspective indicates. As the "Junction" is practically the heart of the city, and as the streets that lead to it all come to it on the down grade except two, the convenience of the cable road, in this instance at least, will be apparent. The cable cars have robbed many of Kansas City's streets of their terrors, in so far as travelling up and down hill has been made both safe and pleasant. If only some mechanical means could be devised by which overworked horses and mules would not be compelled to struggle up these hills with heavy loads of coal and merchandise, the sensitive person could walk or ride abroad in comfort.

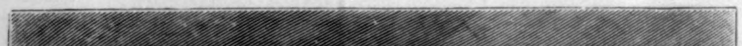
The knot of people down at the "Junction" is doubtless as cosmopolitan in character as one might find in any city of the United States. The student of character would find there representatives of all classes and conditions of men. He would see cow-boys fresh from the cattle trails, railway laborers just in from the grade, breathless business men from the buildings roundabout, well-groomed tourists from the East, farmers from down the river, immigrants from all parts of Europe, the typical English tourist with wide-check suit and plaid travelling cap, and various other kinds of people that one meets oftenest in some central railway point like Kansas City. The observer would find this mixed crowd duplicated in augmented numbers if he took the trouble to walk about the Union Station for an hour when the big overland trains come in.



REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D., NEWLY ELECTED BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

BISHOPS HAYGOOD AND FITZGERALD.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has done honor to itself in electing to the episcopal office the Rev. Dr. Atticus G. Haygood and the Rev. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald. Of the two men Bishop Haygood is best known to the country. He has devoted himself with such singleness of purpose to the interests of the freedmen of the South that he is recognized as a leader of advanced Southern philanthropic sentiment. Since 1883 he has been general agent of the John F. Slater Fund of one million dollars, established by the citizen of Connecticut whose name it bears, for the purpose of aiding the education of the colored race. Bishop Haygood was born in Georgia, November, 1839, became a Methodist minister in 1859, and was chosen President of Emory College, Macon, Georgia, in 1876. This office he held for eight years. In 1874 he was elected a Bishop of the Southern Methodist Church, but declined to serve, considering his work as an educator too important to be surrendered. Since 1883 he has had the general administration of the Slater Fund, which in 1886 gave help to twenty-nine high-grade schools established for the education of the Southern blacks.



REV. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D., NEWLY ELECTED BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

But Bishop Haygood's claim to distinction does not rest upon the holding of public position, however honorable. He would be a man of mark without office or title. He is known all over the country for the heartiness with which he has accepted the present Southern situation, and the energy with which he has tried to meet its demands. To establish a new South better, stronger than the old South is his one aspiration. A Southerner in feeling, and devoted to the part of the Union to which he belongs, he has had the sagacity to perceive that his people must go forward, leaving "the dead past to bury its dead." In speaking and writing on this theme of Southern progress he has shown a capacity for terse expression which any speaker or writer of our day might well envy. A little volume might readily be made of his aphoristic sentences. He has the merit, too, of great plainness of speech. To show the man we will cull a few passages from an address delivered to the alumni of Emory College in 1886:

"As a Southern man it has long appeared to me that the first duty is to find out the facts of our time, and to recognize and avow them unflinchingly. He has learned much who has learned what the question is. It is not what do we wish were the facts, but what are the facts. Avoid the question as we may, it will come back to us."

"It is little short of a crime against our children to denationalize their opinions and sentiments. It may be a luxury to our prejudice, but it will be a plague to our children. It will hinder their progress and embitter their lives."

"That man is a criminal who can and will not educate those he has been the means of bringing into the world. There is need of an educational Elijah to preach repentance to the great masses of our people, who are, in the contentment of stupidity, allowing their children to grow up untaught."

His mode of addressing the colored people is as forcible as his mode of addressing the whites. He is kindly in his tone, but never blinks the truth. Speaking at the dedication of the Morris-Brown College, Atlanta, founded by the colored people themselves, he warns them of the limitations of book-learning.

"If book-learning does not increase one's earning capacity, it is a business failure; if it decreases it, it is an injury as well as a failure; if it increases wants and decreases capacity to supply them, it is simply ruin—ruin of all sorts."

Again he cheers them:

"I know what begging for a college means. Gathering $10,000 in small sums—in dollars, nay, in dimes and nickels—means more than work and patience; it means headache, heartache, almost despair. What underlies the gift of all this money and the collection of it is rarely significant and hopeful. *It means that it is in the colored race of this country to be self-sustaining.*"

These passages from the speeches of Bishop Haygood show his character more vividly than any detailed description can. It is greatly to be hoped that he may become as well known to the people of the North and West as he is to the people of his own sunny land. As a representative of the "New South" he will receive a hearty welcome wherever he appears.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald was born in North Carolina in the year 1829, and became a member of the Georgia Methodist Conference in 1854. Subsequently he went to California, where he was, in 1867, elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is best known as editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, the chief weekly paper of the Southern Methodist Church. In the Centenary Convention of American Methodists held in Baltimore, December, 1884, he attracted attention by the evidences he gave of his sincere desire for a better understanding with his Northern Methodist brethren. In the election of these two Bishops Southern Methodists have done much to draw closer the bonds of churchly and national unity.

PROTECT THE SYSTEM FROM MALARIA.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume their most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the Tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional endorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

To those looking for a delightful and health-giving table beverage, we recommend Nicholson's Liquid Bread. Physicians endorse it. Give it a trial. Druggists and grocers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine soothes the irritated scalp, removes the dandruff, and affords a rich lustre to the hair.—[*Adv.*]

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court of New York, has just decided that Dr. I. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the trade-mark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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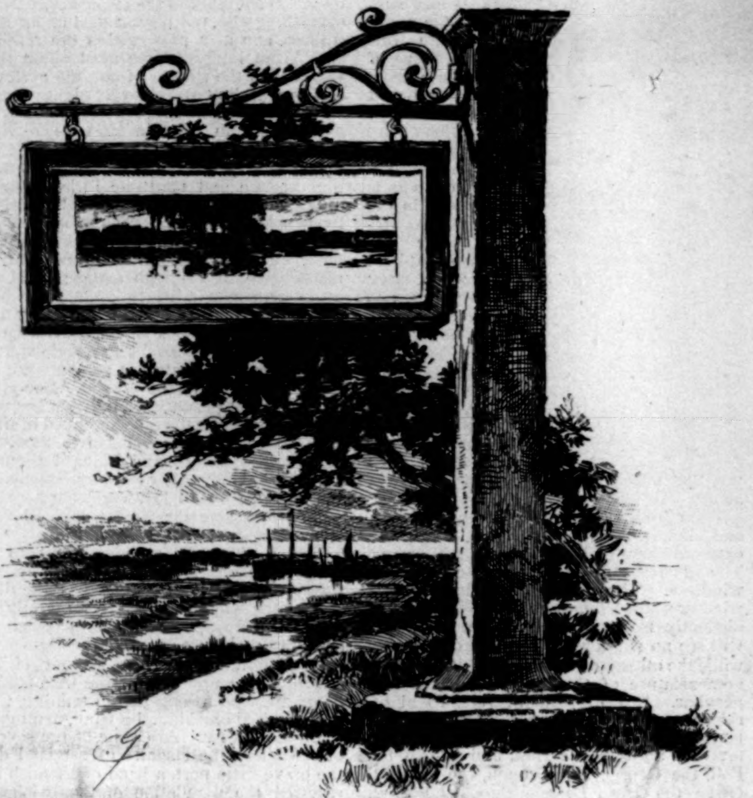
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A SEAPORT WITHOUT SHIPS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM AND WILDER.

IF we go to England to see an ancient civilization, with whatsoever monuments and relics in stone or customs, dress or speech, may still cling to it, where shall be found a richer point of view than at Sandwich? Where else do the principal features of a place witness the passage of so many centuries and epochs, or bid the mind go speeding among such strange memories, as at Sandwich? So we were asked by an Englishman, who in putting the question acknowledged that few of his countrymen ever saw or thought of the old town. Its very abandonment but enriched it, he thought, and would make us almost its rediscoverers. So came we to think as we stood on the wall of the old city. So shall you think if you stand there with us, for you shall look upon a field where man and the sea were partners before history began, were allies through all English history, and now have all but parted company, and are both drawing away from one another, and from the scenes of all their glorious labors and adventures.

As we approach it understand that it is one—perhaps the very oldest—of the so-called cinque-ports, or associated seaports, that Edward the Confessor established for the protection of the south coast of England, that strangely attractive shore which so many covetous, hungry warriors looked upon and lusted for from Cæsar's time to Bonaparte's. And now the sea has left it, and it is an inland village, the wreck of a seaport stranded high and dry.



We reached there at dark, after a journey of sixty-eight miles from London through Kent. We put up at the Fleur-de-lis Hotel, whose office and bar were inextricably confused and combined, and the bedrooms celebrated the wildest deliriums in wall-paper, but where the beds and service and fare were all of the best. Advised to go out upon the "Bull Walk," we endeavored to do so, "to see the people resting after the day." But it was out of the question. The little dark streets seemed to spin around and around, and when one was found that did by chance resist the centripetal influence, it led past the yellow street lamps into such darkness that it was evident, unless the people were owls, that the resting of the town was being done in the houses. But though the crooked streets did not lead to the Bull Walk, they led to our seeing the most peculiar tavern we had yet met with. Its light attracted us, and we went in for our after-supper cigars. There was nothing very extraordinary about the bar-room, but some of the "oldest inhabitants" who were in there (as they always are in the bar-rooms all over the world, in high proof of the preservative qualities of alcohol) mentioned the fact that the cellars of the place had far more than a local reputation. Should we like to see them? we were asked. Fortunately one said "Yes," and we were conducted into a long, low vault of brick-work, containing, if every pint is a pound, tons of the choicest drinkables of Britain, France, and Spain. All except the floor and roof of the tunnel was hid behind bottles, but the strange and interesting thing about the bottles was that they in turn were hid by the fungus that had grown all over them in a soft black pad that felt like damp felt. We lifted it here and there, and revealed the glossy dark arches of glass beneath. The queer growth held together, and fell back in place again like the corner of a blanket. It seemed that nothing in the great vault could have been disturbed in many years, but the man in charge said that some of the stuff was newly bottled, and that the fungus grew upon it in a few months.

OLD HOUSES.

That was all we saw of Sandwich that night. It was eleven o'clock when we started back, acquainted with the astonishing fact that all the places of resort were compelled by law to close at that hour, at which time the police were quite likely to put on felt shoes in order to steal upon publicans who did not keep the law. The doors of the Fleur-de-lis were closed and bolted, but when we were inside the proprietor flung down great easy slippers for us, made the standard Chicago size, so as to be too small for nobody. They were as soft and easy as any policeman in Sandwich could boast, but they spied upon no one, and if any faucet was turned or bottle was tilted in that house after hours, it never will be known.

In the morning we found the "Bull Walk," and saw that the name must be a corruption of the word "bulwark," for the walk was simply a path on top of the remains of the ancient wall, which is still serving its purpose, since all the houses of the town are within it. On the water side, facing the sea, it was built of stone, but on the other side it was made of mud. It has been lowered and covered with a tar walk between strips of grass and beds of flowers, and it is set with benches, so that it now forms one of the most charming promenades, or trysting-places, or loafing spots, according to one's needs, that we saw abroad, or that one could easily imagine. Then the view from it is exquisite, and with not a trace of English about it. It is a pure bit of Holland, as you shall judge yourself when you know that the city was a mere huddle of red-tiled roofs and green tree-tops rising like an island above a great expanse of marsh-land, where a few lazy cattle were feeding, a lazier little river was threading a hesitating route, and only a few still more lazy trees, one here and one there, raised their dwarfed heads above the level scene. Not even the wind-mills of a Dutch picture were missing. One of them perched close to an angle of the wall, gave movement to the view, but it was such leisurely, methodical movement that it emphasized the quiet and calm of the lovely picture.

This marsh was the bed of the sea once, and strange have been the keels that have swept over it. Here the savage Britons, seldom venturing far, rode their frail vessels of basket-work covered with skins. Following them came the Roman galleys under Julius Cæsar, from a point on the French coast between Calais and Boulogne. Here next rode the invading Saxons, and then for centuries the glorious navies of England, as she rose in wealth and power, found this very marsh a principal harbor whence to start upon their expeditions of discovery and conquest. Ay, and many a ship that has passed high above these now smiling meadows even in time of England's greatness boded no good to Albion. Early in the thirteenth century, in Henry III.'s time, the French sent a fleet, and all but destroyed the seaport by fire. Again, in the fifteenth century, in Henry VI.'s time, the place was invaded, despoiled, and partly demolished by the French. And again, nineteen years later, Charles VIII. of France sent 4000 men to raze Sandwich to the earth. That was a most bloody expedition, and in the severe battles that followed, Sandwich lost her best citizens. Later, in Edward IV.'s troubled reign, the Earl of Warwick ended his exile in France by coming

REMAINS OF AN OLD CRYPT, A FORMER RENDEZVOUS FOR SMUGGLERS.

FISHERS' GATE.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

back and harassing Sandwich among other places that his journey led him past. The seamen if not the citizens of Sandwich must have seen the Invincible Armada of Spain, as puffed with pride as its sails were with wind, go sailing up the Channel to meet its fate by fire and storm. But a defeat of more particular moment to them happened as long before that as 1385, when the French came over in their ships, carrying all the parts of a singular wall of wood, which, when set up, was to form a barricade about three-fifths of a mile long and twelve feet high, with towers at every dozen feet. They hoped to catch the English arrows in this instead of in their persons, but the vessels that carried this astonishing contrivance were captured off Sandwich, and the wall was erected there against the French. However, the part that Sandwich played in England's naval and commercial history cannot be told here. These hints must suffice.

How more than passing strange it was, knowing what the place had been, to loiter along its flower-decked, grass-clothed wall, and looking down on one side to see parts of the old moat, still glistening with a ditch of water in places, and on the other side to see the gardens and the drying fields of the cleanly, pretty little city! On the south the dingy river Stour, a narrow stream of running mud between banks of standing mud, still floats the four little colliers and barges that can pick their way to the sealess port. Facing the dwindling stream is one of the five gates the city once boasted. It is called the Fishers' Gate, and is built of flints. It is very picturesque if not formidable. Farther along is another more modern gate, called the Barbican, a Tudor relic through which the visitor from Ramsgate must pass. From Ramsgate! Think of it! That present watering-place of the 'Arrys and 'Arriets of London succeeded Sandwich as a harbor, and now modern appliances are fighting the silt in that choking roadstead to keep a channel open. But the fight is hopeless, for the sea will win. Westward and eastward from the walls the view is of the old sea-bed, now the home of cattle and the site of market gardens. Finally, to the northward, the people point out a great hummock clothed with ivy, rising out of a field of yellow grain, and bid us go to it and see the tremendous walls of flint and rock that long sheltered three sides of the Roman port of Rutupiæ, where coins and pottery of the time of the Cæsars are still frequently found. So that when we are thinking of the change that has come over Sandwich, it is as well to look still further back to the time when the Roman galleys sped over where she stands, and were beached far back at the foot of the bluff, where the ruined castle tells of the rise and fall of an earlier civilization than our own.

And now let us enter the queer old town, with curiosity on edge to see what a place with so strange and varied a history has to offer to the eye. Its quietness is almost awesome. Walk where we may we shall see but few people, and they will appear only one at a time, and for only the instant that the curving streets permit them to be seen. Not one street is straight. The place is a walled-in maze. There lives no stranger to the place, no matter how extraordinary his bump of locality, who could help being lost five minutes after he set out to walk about the place. It is quite as remarkable, too, that Sandwich is the only place where the sensation of being lost is pleasant, for it is so small that one cannot be lost far.

Some of the streets are so narrow that a man towers in them, and seems to fill them as a load of hay fills a tall gate. Often as one sees a man in a street making his way to some curve where the buildings lean out toward one another with their Elizabethan stories, it seems as though he would be wedged in and would need extricating. In another second he disappears mysteriously around the curve.

There are necessarily few views that are not principally of roofs—of steep slanting roofs of cumbrous red tiling. Often the roofs are without gutters, and drain themselves upon the streets. The sidewalks suit themselves to the streets. They are seldom more than three times as wide as the broad curbs, and then, when they are obliged to, they shrink accommodatingly until they are not wide enough to walk on. After that they sometimes disappear altogether, and then, perhaps, the street widens and they reappear. The houses strike a visitor as so many curiosities. They are nearly all what Americans would call very old. One or two are caving in, but not a new one is building, and not one looks as if any man could say when it was put up. Their outer walls are nearly all stuccoed or plastered, and nearly all are painted a drab-color. When a house is seen that is not stuccoed, it is pretty certain to display beams set among the bricks, and to proclaim itself of the distant age that architects call the half-timber era. In a fair half of the buildings the upper stories project beyond the first stories. Some are plastered to conceal the manner in which they are constructed, but there are many in which the bare beams supporting the upper stories are displayed. Some of these are merely rounded or curved at the outer ends, but others are quaintly carved. The finest example of the sort is to be seen in the King's Arms Hotel, where the brackets that hold the second story up are carved to represent a man bent under the weight of the building. His hands are on his knees, his head is pressed down, and his hair streams upward as if it was that which sustained the fearful weight above.

Though all the houses are small and low, and all have high-pitched roofs, there is an extraordinary variety in the architecture. The greatest difference seems to be in the windows. There are gable windows, box windows, bow-windows, leaded windows, and distinctly modern windows, but often one will see no windows in one half of a house, while the other half is nearly all glazed. The nomenclature of the little city is quite as peculiar. It has a Strand Street, a Knight-rider Street, and a Chain Street that I remember, and I copied the names of the following taverns: the Sun, the Rose and Crown, the Bell, the George and Dragon, the Admiral Owen, the Green Dragon, the Malt Shovel, the Crispin, the Bricklayers' Arms, the Old New Inn, the Fleur-de-lis, and the King's Arms.

While I sat in a window of the Fleur-de-lis a boy came to the pump opposite, carrying two pails suspended from a yoke upon his shoulders. Presently a little girl came, also with two pails; but when she had filled hers, she placed them a certain distance apart, and dropped an ordinary child's hoople upon the tops of the pails so that it rested against the handles. Then she stepped into the hoople, and lifting the pails, carried them easily, without a possibility of their swinging, by allowing their weight to press them against the circle of wood. These I took to be ancient customs, and they were the most interesting things, except the town itself, that I noticed. Others were the old-time flowers in the house gardens—the hollyhocks, lavender, lilacs, and poppies—carrying one back in memory to the American gardens before the war. In the church-yards I noticed a queer custom of putting a great slab, shaped vaguely like a human or mummy form, upon each grave, where it was bolted to the head and foot stones. As for the old churches—St. Clement's and St. Peter's—suffice it to say that they are very ancient and tame, and "improved," till the best parts of them are hidden, defaced, or removed. The English guide-books, which concentrate all their genius and enterprise upon the churches to the exclusion of almost everything else, tell a great deal about these edifices, and at a price within the reach of all. What interested me most about them was that in the steeple of one the curfew is still rung at eight o'clock every night. A more interesting old building is the ancient Grammar School founded in 1564, where Richard Knolles was "third master" and wrote his *History of the Turks*, the only contribution warlike and maritime little Sandwich appears to have made to literature. Near by is a house where Queen Elizabeth was entertained in 1572. Then the streets were hung with vines and garlands, and the pavements were strewn with rushes; the brewers were commanded to brew good beer; the children were set to spinning yarn on platforms in the open air; and good Queen Bess not only witnessed a tremendous battle between men on floats, but got a present of a golden cup worth $500 besides. She is not the only great personage Sandwich has seen, though the houses the others stopped in are no longer standing. Becket fled to Sandwich and escaped thence, and Richard Cœur de Lion landed here after his imprisonment in Antwerp. Edward III. was often here, and sailed from here for France and Flanders when he made those journeys.

To-day the only grandeurs left to the place are its memories. The citizens who used to patrol the streets singing the direction of the wind at night are as totally forgotten as the ships that made the place rich and busy no longer ago than the days of the great-grandfather of any present citizen. The town has now a few more than 3000 inhabitants, who are engaged in tanning, wool-sorting, seed-crushing, brewing, fruit-growing, and malting. After one of the severest of the blows the enemies of England dealt the brave little port, a band of Flemish folk renewed the population of Sandwich, and the place became famous as the seat of the manufacture of baize and woollen stuffs. These were also the first market-gardeners of England. Their descendants are in the population to-day, and their transmitted influence doubtless gives the queer, squeeze-up little city the un-English air that distinguishes it.

Fate has not been especially severe with Sandwich. I have said that it was one of the association of seaports instituted by Edward the Confessor for the defence of the

BRIDGE AND GATE.

IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

south coast of England, and called the cinque-ports. It was the principal and oldest of them. They were Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hythe, and Hastings. Afterward Rye and Winchelsea and several subordinate ports were added to the chain. But all except Dover are moribund. The history of one is the history of all, except in so far as the glories of Sandwich were the highest. The sea has retired from the whole south coast. Romney is now inhabited by graziers, Hastings is a watering-place, with a navy of fishing-boats of from five to thirty tons each, and so with all of them. Only Dover remains a full-fledged seaport. But they were all proud towns in their day, and considerable privileges were vested in their inhabitants. Even to-day they are exempt from county jury duty, and from service in the militia.

It is the popular belief that the loss of her harbor to Sandwich was due to the sinking of a great war-ship in the channel, but students of the action of the sea know differently. The wreck expedited the choking up of the harbor, but the fact that a similar fate has been meted out to nearly all the other cinque-ports shows that the change was general and not to be avoided. The sea has made mighty and more damaging changes in many parts of the English coast, swallowing up villages, towns, and castles, instead of merely beaching them high and dry as in the case of Sandwich.

In Norfolk, in the neighborhood of Weybourne, there stood in 1781 a cliff fifty feet high, with houses on its crest, and in 1829 the place where it had stood was unmarked, and lay beneath a depth of twenty feet of water. In Yorkshire there have been vast changes of the same sort. I have read mention of half a dozen villages that have been slowly swallowed up by the in-reaching sea. One of these was Ravenspur, once a proud port, and the one at which Henry IV. landed in 1399 on his mission to depose Richard II. So it was with Dunwich, in Suffolk, of which it is said that 400 houses at once fell, with the earth beneath them, into the sea. Brighton itself, the famous watering-place, is not where Queen Elizabeth used to go to it. Where its houses then were the great chain pier now reaches far into the sea. Roman seaports, feudal castles, ancient fishing villages, and cliffs, fields, and houses lie in great numbers under the unconscious keels of the vessels of to-day that skirt the shores of England. Often one has to go to ancient records or the Domesday Book itself to find hint or trace of them; but the story of all is a tale of far worse luck than makes us lament over Sandwich.

GOLF-PLAYERS' CLUB.

JACK'S LIBRARY.

I AM on a visit to a small library, a collection of 3700 volumes, to be found at Sailors' Hall, Cob Dock, Brooklyn Navy-yard. These books are for the instruction and amusement—which ought to come first?—of the sailors and marines who serve the United States on board of the men-of-war or on the receiving ship.

I wanted to know what the sailor, the marine, oiler, stoker, musician, might want to read. If there was a library entirely patronized by undertakers, would they devour methods of conducting funerals, past and present, including Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, with recent contributions on cremation? A man following the sea, would he always be asking for salt in his romances? The landlubber might think he did.

Questioning the intelligent naval librarian in charge of Sailors' Hall, Cob Dock, his answer did not at all surprise me.

"The men do not read sea stories."

"You never have a call for *Tom Cringle's Log?*"

"No, sir."

"And Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy* and *Peter Simple?*"

"No, sir; but more the pity. They are hull down, for we parted company with them many a long year ago."

"Dear old fellows! They are not water-logged, I trust?"

"No, sir; not even stranded. Some of the men, the very old ones, may read Marryat occasionally, those who used to sail on ships that buffeted their way through the sea under canvas."

"Noah's ark boys? But Russell and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor?* Your readers ought to know him. There is his last—a lunatic asylum afloat—it's thrilling."

There was no emotion visible on the part of the librarian. His answer was one chock-full of common-sense.

"Sailors who know the sea, as far as romance goes, are quite as well posted about it as those who write it up. There can never be anything novel about sea life to the actual sailor. Landsmen can go floating and swashing around in a sea story, and suffer shipwreck, and go through the deserted island business, and think it splendid, but sailors do not. The modern sea story is mostly muffled up in descriptions of the water and the clouds and the calms and the tempests. You are bound to have the doldrums or the hurricanes. The sailor gets kind of impatient until he comes to the action; and, honest now, a woman or a girl at sea is a nuisance. Jack, sir, is gallant, but women are out of their element on shipboard." Evidently the librarian had his prejudices.

"But what about practical books?" I then asked.

"Eager demand for them. There is Admiral Luce's *Text to Seamanship*, and Lieutenant Taunt's *Practical Seamanship*, and Sir Thomas Brassey's books. They are in readers' hands all the time. Everything having to do with the general, not the special history of our country is in constant demand. A sailor somehow loosens his hitch to the one particular place where he was born, so he does not read about the State of Connecticut or Maine, but what relates to the entire country. Biographies of our military and naval heroes are always read. The navy and army are closely related, and each service delights in the glorious achievements of the other. As to scientific books, those which treat of certain subjects in a clear and brief way never stay on the shelves."

"As about electricity?" I inquired.

"That's just it. Men work the search-lights, notice the illumination on board, see the dynamo machinery. They know that electricity is firing their guns, exploding their shells. They believe that some day there will be storage batteries running their launches, maybe their ships, and they want to be posted about electricity and its powers. A first-class A1 United States seaman obeys orders implicitly; but there is this about him more pronounced than in a foreign sailor—when he does something or works something, he wants to know the reason for it, and that way he raises himself beyond the conditions of an automaton."

"What does he read, however, most of the time? Does he want his books tasteless, odorless?" The latter portion of this question was to myself.

"He wants fiction. It's mostly fiction."

"Fiction! Why?"

"It's quite simple. Jack has plenty of the actualities of life knocked into him. He wants to get rid at times of the real thing on deck, and to go aloft in search of the unreal, or the undefined, or whatever you may call it. It is human nature. There, sir! you can always tell a well-read book by its looks. A deserted road is grass-grown; it has no wheel tracks on it. The book that is much read is creased and thumbed, and this, sir, is pretty well thumbed—uncommon thumbed. I do my best as to coverings, but it's no use as far as regards this book. Copper sheathing would not keep it."

The librarian held in his hand a big and dingy volume. It was the book of books, from whence there are always tumbling cascades of diamonds and rubies. It was *Monte Christo*.

"It is a chance that it is in. Know it, sir? It is always being read. Everything Dumas wrote is in demand. *The Three Guardsmen?* It never is in. I am always asked for continuations of Mr. Dumas's continuations. He ought never to have stopped writing." Unconsciously the Cob Dock librarian was repeating Thackeray's eulogy of Alexandre Dumas.

"What else is popular?"

"Sir Walter Scott. He always is steady. Cooper is more quiet than he used to be. Dickens is ever in demand. Thackeray? No, sir; our people do not read him. Wilkie Collins? He's a staver; we are always reading him. Mr. Roe? A good many admirers. Then there is a heavy pull on Ouida. Sailors—maybe it is the marines—like to read about swells. Queer, is it not? Mrs. Wister's translations from the German are always wanted. Maybe—I don't criticise books—it's the simple way these Germans have of eating sausages and getting indigestion, when